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ELECTIONS cannot satisfy everybody, and of the defeated party or parties all that is expected is philosophical acquiescence in the result. This year, however, furnishes an exception to the rule. The satisfaction with the outcome of the national election is all but universal. Mr. Bryan and his sincere, ardent followers, keenly disappointed at the returns, soon recovered their cheerfulness and declared that their cause, at any rate, had suffered no serious loss. The people, they felt, had elected Taft because they trusted him more and regarded him as a more cautious but essentially progressive statesman, not because they were weary of reform and warfare on evils and abuses. This relieved the Democratic defeat of its worst feature, its sting, and gave that party an important function and place in the political life of the nation. Even Republicans of the more partisan sort admit that a powerful and solid opposition party is indispensable in a representative government, a government of discussion, for it is by criticism, analysis, scrutiny of measures and policies that the public good is promoted and special privilege resisted. Mr. Bryan's personal view of the situation and the prospects of the Democratic party was expressed in a statement to the people from which we quote this paragraph:

"There must be a party representing the people's protest against wrong in high places, against corruption in politics and against the oppression of the struggling masses, and the Democratic party must continue its fight or dissolve. It could not exist as a plutocratic party. During the last twelve years the Democratic party has accomplished more out of power than the Republican party has accomplished in office, and this is a sufficient reward for those who

fight for a righteous cause. It would have been pleasant to have been able to reward worthy Democrats with official positions; they are looking for good government, and they labor unselfishly for the promotion of good government. They will neither be discouraged nor dismayed by defeat."

The thoughtful Republicans deny, of course, that their party is, or is in danger of becoming, a reactionary party. They assure the people that the necessary reforms will be gradually realized without disturbance and excitement, and that popular confidence will be fully justified by their present leaders. The independent view of the outlook or the need of the hour is stated in a nutshell by the *New York Journal of Commerce*, as follows:

It is eminently desirable that the lines of the Republican party should be redrawn to conform more nearly to the convictions and desires of thinking people, and it is equally desirable that there should be a strong opposition party developed upon lines of principle and capable of becoming the dominant party without menace to established institutions or conservative policies.

The anti-Bryan wing of the Democratic party regards the recent defeat as one personal to the candidate. The party itself, it claims, is now in a sounder and more vigorous condition than it has been in since 1896. It has gained votes in the middle West and in the far West; it has elected governors in Ohio, Indiana, Nebraska, Minnesota, and North Dakota; it has captured the Nebraska legislature and gained a federal senator in the North; it has polled extraordinary votes in Illinois and Michigan and all but carried those states for the gubernatorial tickets. It is more harmonious and united than ever before in decades, and under other leadership it may confidently expect to prosper again. That the Democratic party is "dying" or doomed to extinction—an assertion made in some newspapers—is denied with emphasis by its ablest organs. Bryan, they say, has had his opportunity, and henceforth neither he nor his followers can insist on supremacy and control. The next candidate must be a man as acceptable to the business elements as Mr. Taft is or as Mr. Cleveland was, and such a man will be found among the successful state candidates of that party. Many "radicals" assent to the proposition

that no party and no candidate can win in the United States without the respect and support of at least a strong minority of the business men. This, indeed, is acknowledged to be the chief lesson of the late election.



Labor and the Minor Parties

It is easy to draw hasty and superficial inferences from the returns of the general election with reference to the minor parties and the new factors in our politics. But the thoughtful student attaches little importance to such inferences. It is said that the effort to "deliver the labor vote" to Mr. Bryan failed disastrously, though none of the leaders of the movement ever pretended that he could or promised that he would deliver the organized labor vote. No one knows, the factors being so numerous and confusing, what proportion of union and federated labor followed the advice of the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor to support the Democratic national ticket on the "injunction" issue. It is certain that hundreds of local unions and of local leaders earnestly supported this movement, and on the surface at any rate the opposition to it in labor circles was inconsiderable. But the Republicans won decisively in spite of this adverse influence, though perhaps the reduction of the popular plurality as compared with Mr. Roosevelt's four years ago was due to the labor vote. How unorganized labor voted is unknown and will remain a matter for conjecture.

But the best judges of the political-labor situation believe that we have seen the beginning of a "Labor party" in the United States. England and the Australian commonwealths have labor parties and labor groups in parliament, and Australia has had labor ministers and labor premiers. The interests of American workmen will sooner or later dictate the organization of an independent political party on the British model, of a party that will make temporary alliances with other parties but that will stand on its own platform. This, according to impartial and philosophical writ-

ers, will furnish cause for alarm or regret, as government is based on and requires proper representation of all great interests.

Of the existing minor parties none finds particular satisfaction in the returns. The Hearst or so-called Independent party polled a very small vote and neither helped Taft nor injured Bryan. The socialists expected to double their record-breaking vote of four years ago (over 400,000), but they have not made any such gain, and while in some small cities they have increased their strength, in the great centers the election disappointed them. Their candidates for legislatures and city councils generally suffered defeat. The vigorous and spectacular campaign of Eugene Debs, the socialist candidate for the presidency, had not prepared his followers for such results as confronted them. The Prohibitionists did not poll their full vote, as many of their allies and sympathizers preferred to cast their ballots for one or the other of the leading candidates in order to influence directly the course of events. Whether third parties can prosper and steadily grow in this country is a question that is now discussed with much concern and intelligence.



Higher Education and the Color Line

In the case of the Berea College, which has attracted a good deal of attention, the federal Supreme Court, sustaining the decisions of the state courts of Kentucky, has held that the statute which required the college named to segregate its colored students and educate them in different buildings was not an unreasonable or oppressive law contrary to the constitutional guaranties of equal laws and equal civil rights. It has also held that the statute did not violate the original charter of the college, since a provision in that charter expressly reserves the right to amend or modify it, and an amendment by statute, though indirect, is within the intent and scope of that reservation.

Berea had received colored students on an equal foot-

ing with whites for several decades, though originally it was a white man's institution. At first there was dissatisfaction and protest, and some students left the college, but the opposition subsequently died out, and for many years whites and blacks mingled and received intellectual and moral training without friction or harm to anyone. The adoption of the segregation statute some years ago was a surprise to the college and its friends. But the law was upheld in the courts as a proper "police measure" and the same view is taken by the federal tribunal of last resort.

How far states may go under the "police power"—the power to protect life, property, and liberty, to maintain order and security—in ordering racial separation, remains an open question. In a vigorous dissenting opinion Justice Harlan regrets that this is so and would like to know whether laws demanding separate political meetings, separate courts, separate places of amusement would be constitutional, and he asks:

"Have we become so inoculated with prejudice of race that an American government, professedly based on the principles of freedom and charged with the protection of all citizens alike, can make distinctions between such citizens in the matter of their voluntary association for innocent purposes simply because of their respective race?"

But the majority of the court did not believe that the facts in the Berea case justified sweeping dicta. The decision merely means that under the conditions in the mountain regions of Kentucky and neighboring states, the regions reached and helped by Berea College, segregation was a reasonable measure. The college authorities have decided to set apart a large amount for separate institutions for colored students, and in order to prevent rigid economy at the expense of the white students gifts are invited from generous and wealthy citizens who appreciate the excellent civilizing work in Berea within its particular sphere of influence.

The New Michigan Constitution

At the November election the voters of Michigan approved and accepted the new constitution that had been framed by a special convention. Though it is not as advanced as the "younger" and more radical elements would have liked it to be the new charter contains several notable features that are distinctly "modern." They mark, indeed, the political and civic progress of the state and of the nation.

The great movements and tendencies of the day are reflected in the following provisions, among others:

A substantial measure of home rule is conferred upon the cities and towns. The referendum is accepted and extended to new spheres. Municipal ownership of public utilities is permitted under certain safeguards, and capital for such enterprises may be obtained by the issue of special certificates outside of the constitutional debt limit. In Chicago municipal ownership has been impeded by a decision holding certificates for the acquisition of utilities producing revenue to be within the debt limit.

The demands of women receive some recognition. They are given the right to vote on bond and other financial proposals if they pay taxes in their own name.

Legislative fraud and trickery are aimed at by provisions of an unusual character—the prohibition of rules that are designed to destroy majority rule in the lawmaking bodies, and the provision that bills may be withdrawn from committees at any time by vote of the majority of the members. These safeguards are needed everywhere, for, as we have pointed out, pernicious practices of packing committees, strangling bills and reducing not only minorities, but majorities, to impotence, have grown up in Congress as well as in state legislatures. The tyranny of speakers and cliques that represent "interests" opposed to the public has often led to the cynical disregard of constitutional provisions, but Michigan has taken care to put additional obstacles in the way of obstructionists and jugglers with bills and amendments.

The Progress of the Divorce Evil

A special and elaborate report of the Census Bureau on marriage and divorce in the United States has been published, and it contains "much food for thought" and not a little ground for apprehension. The period covered is 1887-1906, and comparisons are made as to all the important phases of the question with a report of a similar nature dealing with the years 1867-1886. Some of the facts brought out are indeed startling.

The divorces have been increasing in this country three times faster than population, in spite of our heavy immigration. Indeed, one marriage in twelve appears to end in some divorce court. No civilized country has anything like the same ratio of divorces to 100,000 population as some of our leading, settled, great and proud states. Divorce is two and one-half times as common today as it was forty years ago.

In some states the divorce *rate* is astonishing, in others the rate is comparatively low, while the absolute *number* of divorces granted for various causes is staggering. The following table, showing the comparative figures by divisions and states, should be carefully studied. We make no apology for reproducing it, as it has aroused and will continue to provoke much earnest discussion:

State or Territory—	Total divorces granted.		Divorce rate per 100,000 population.*	
	1887 to 1906.	1867 to 1886.	1900.	1880.
Continental United States.....	945,625	328,716	73	38
North Atlantic division.....	142,920	73,503	38	28
Maine	14,194	8,412	117	78
New Hampshire	8,617	4,979	112	85
Vermont	4,740	3,238	75	47
Massachusetts	22,940	9,853	47	30
Rhode Island	6,953	4,462	105	93
Connecticut	9,224	8,542	50	61
New York	29,125	15,355	23	16
New Jersey	7,441	2,042	23	13
Pennsylvania	39,086	16,020	35	21

* Based on the annual average of divorce for the five year period of which the census year is the medium year.

South Atlantic division.....	58,603	16,357	33	13
Delaware	887	289	16	10
Maryland	7,920	2,185	40	12
District of Columbia.....	2,235	1,105	58	31
Virginia	12,129	2,635	38	11
West Virginia	10,308	2,555	64	25
North Carolina	7,047	1,338	24	6
South Carolina*	103	..	1
Georgia	10,401	3,059	26	14
Florida	7,586	2,128	79	53
North Central division.....	434,476	162,830	96	55
Ohio	63,982	26,367	51	48
Indiana	60,721	25,193	142	70
Illinois	82,209	36,072	100	68
Michigan	42,371	18,433	104	72
Wisconsin	22,867	9,988	65	41
Minnesota	15,646	3,623	55	27
Iowa	34,874	16,564	93	60
Missouri	54,766	15,278	103	40
North Dakota	4,317	297	88	46
South Dakota	7,105	790	95	48
Nebraska	16,711	3,034	82	43
Kansas	28,904	7,191	109	44
South Central division.....	220,289	49,327	95	35
Kentucky	30,641	10,243	84	35
Tennessee	30,447	9,625	89	38
Alabama	22,807	5,204	69	27
Mississippi	19,993	5,040	74	30
Louisiana	9,785	1,697	41	10
Arkansas	29,541	6,041	136	53
Indian Territory	6,751	113	..
Oklahoma	7,609	129	..
Texas	62,655	11,472	131	49
Western division	89,337	26,699	129	39
Montana	6,454	822	167	125
Idaho	3,205	368	120	58
Wyoming	1,772	401	118	111
Colorado	15,844	3,687	158	138
New Mexico	2,437	255	73	12
Arizona	2,380	237	120	47
Utah	4,670	4,078	92	114
Nevada	1,045	1,128	111	106
Washington	16,215	996	184	75
Oregon	10,145	2,609	134	92
California	15,170	12,118	108	84

*All laws permitting divorce were repealed.

The proper and just interpretation of these figures is a task for sociologists and scientific inquirers. The general situation is known to all, and it is also understood that changes in our population, in industrial life, education, position of women, ideas of marriage and family life, and a score of other factors, are responsible for the steady growth of the divorce evil—or the evil of “quick,” ill-considered, fraudulent and collusive divorces. There are movements on foot for uniform and more conservative divorce laws, and the courts, by refusing to recognize certain divorces, have mitigated the evil of late to some extent. South Dakota has, at a referendum, approved a law requiring a year's residence, instead of one of six months, in case of an applicant for divorce coming from another state. In a word, the whole recent tendency has been toward improvement, restriction, strengthening the laws guarding the marriage tie and discouraging loose and dishonest divorces. The census report does not reveal the effects of these movements, but they are important and in time they are bound to yield substantial results.



“Personal Rule” vs. Constitutionalism

Amazing political developments have been witnessed in Germany. The whole nation, regardless of party, creed, interest, censuring the emperor; the reichstag openly discussing his conduct, in violation of a settled doctrine, and demanding certain guaranties for the future; the chancellor and head of the foreign office threatening resignation and tacitly approving the condemnation of his sovereign; the press speaking in no uncertain tone concerning the danger of arbitrary and personal rule in the sphere of foreign affairs; the emperor bowing his head during the storm and promising to be prudent and discreet, and, above all, mindful of constitutional responsibilities—surely such things are extraordinary for Germany.

But the spirit of the age is more powerful than monarchs and rulers, and while theoretically the German im-

perial cabinet is not "responsible" to parliament, the emperor alone having the right to appoint and dismiss ministers, practically it is becoming harder and harder to govern the people of the Teutonic empire without the support of a solid majority in the reichstag and the confidence and sympathy of the people. The chancellor and ministers have had in recent years to plead for support and promise important concessions in return to the leading groups in the popular branch of parliament, and this has been held to make for constitutionalism. It hardly needs saying that blunders and false steps on the part of the monarch and his appointees inevitably re-enforce the tendency.

The present excitement grew out of an alleged interview with Emperor William which appeared in a British newspaper. The essential correctness of the interview was not denied in the Berlin court circles, though minor inaccuracies were pointed out. In that interview the emperor expressed friendly sentiments for England and the English, but at the same time declared that he was in a minority, the majority of his people distrusting and disliking England. He also revealed diplomatic secrets that could not fail to offend France and Russia, once enemies of England but now excellent neighbors of hers. There was, moreover, a hint at the "yellow peril" in the Pacific, which was offensive to Japan, the ally of England. Finally, the Kaiser intimated that he had proved his good will to England during the war with the Boers by drawing up a plan of campaign in South Africa—a plan which was strikingly similar to that later worked out by General Roberts. As the emperor had sent his plan to Queen Victoria, the inference apparently suggested was that Roberts had profited by the Kaiser's suggestions.

Strangely enough, the German Foreign Office had authorized the publication of this interview, though Von Buelow, the chancellor, had not personally seen the proofs. Its appearance raised a storm of indignation and protest, and the emperor was declared to be as blamable as his ministers and diplomatic agents. His impulsiveness, his frank-

ness, his strong, unguarded expressions were seen to be dangerous to the peace of Europe and the prestige of Germany. The demand for prudence, self-restraint, the surrender of his "personal privileges" in the interest of national dignity naturally followed. The reichstag rejected a motion for an address to the emperor, but the agitation will doubtless bear fruit. There is no hope of an immediate change in the constitution limiting the emperor's power, or making the cabinet responsible to parliament, for the conservative and moderate groups are not prepared for such reforms. Still, public opinion has won a notable victory, and it is safe to say that in the future the representatives of the people will be treated with greater deference than in the past. Some time the reichstag may refuse to vote supplies and appropriations at the request of the imperfect constitutional government. Evolution, not revolution, is, however, the modern political watchword, and Germany will gradually develop a truly democratic form of government under the steady pressure of events and national interests.



Cuba's Third Election and Future

In November general elections were held in Cuba. The qualified voters of the island, under laws and machinery which insured a fair, orderly contest, elected a president, vice president, senators, and representatives. The American "government of intervention" had done everything to secure a genuine expression of popular will and to lay the foundations for a government representing a real majority.

The outcome of the election was not at all surprising. The conservative party led by General Menocal, a veteran of the revolution, proved rather weak, though at one period the conservative candidate was confident of victory. The liberals, long divided into two factions mutually hostile, had formed a temporary coalition and had put the rivals for the presidency, Gomez and Zayas, on the same ticket, the latter receiving the vice presidential nomination. The liberal majority was overwhelming, and it cannot be attributed

to force, fraud, or any other improper influence. Menocal and his party had the confidence of the wealthier elements, but the workers, the colored voters and other large sections of the population trusted the liberals.

However, there were no substantial differences between the platforms of the two parties. Both promised honest and economical administration, enforcement of law, earnest effort to maintain internal peace and order. Both stand for Cuban independence and prevention of conditions warranting another intervention. Will this pledge be carried out? Will the liberal government be equal to its responsibilities and the conservative party mindful of its duty to abide by the verdict of the majority at the polls? The leaders of the latter say that no rebellion or disorder will be attempted, and that the defeated will acquiesce in the result as good citizens fit for self-government and national existence. Whether they can control the rank and file, and whether the liberal government will give a good account itself, time alone will tell. Our troops and the government of intervention will retire this month, and Cuba's second experiment will then begin under rather favorable auspices. The island is more prosperous; the people have learned valuable political lessons; new laws and methods have been provided; bandits and other criminals have been deprived of arms and of liberty. Finally, the natives understand that another intervention would probably be permanent—that is, would mean annexation to the United States. It is not believed that many Cubans favor annexation at this time, and certainly the sugar and tobacco interests of this country would vigorously oppose it, since annexation would involve free importation of the products of the island. Little plotting is expected, therefore, and if the natives are really jealous of and fit for independence they now have the opportunity to establish it on a firm basis.



America and Japan as Moral Allies

The traditional policy of the United States is opposed to any "entangling alliances" or formal agreements regard-

ing world politics with foreign powers. Even in recent years, since the annexation of the Philippines and the co-operation of the civilized nations in China in the interest of "the open door" and the preservation of the territorial integrity and independence of that empire, we have, as a people, remained faithful to that policy. We have issued "notes," proposed certain lines of action, but no alliances or understandings of a binding character, either for offence or defence, have been entered into by our government.

The agreement just negotiated with Japan may seem an exception or departure, but it is nothing of the kind, strictly speaking. The notes signed by the representatives of the two governments are "declarations of policy" in the Far East and in the Pacific, but they commit neither power to any special or novel course of action. Principles that have been accepted and effective for some years are reaffirmed explicitly and formally, for the information of the world and the better guidance of statesmen, but no change is intended in the actual situation.

The United States and Japan have agreed to—

Respect each other's possessions in the Pacific.

Support the principles of Chinese independence and sovereignty, as well as the "open door," or the right to trade on equal terms in the markets of the Far East.

Maintain the *status quo* or existing balance in that part of the world, etc.

Communicate with each other and consult as to measures to be taken, in emergencies, in defence of the principles just named.

This moral agreement or reciprocal declaration of policy is the logical sequel to the other Pacific "understandings" or treaties, though their form is different. It is another safeguard and pledge of peace and stability in the Far East. It removes apprehension of friction with Japan and deprives many sensation-mongers of their occupation. Japan demonstrates her non-aggressive intentions toward the United States, and the talk of possible war over immi-

gration, Japanese coolie exclusion, local agitation against Japanese laborers, is rendered ridiculous. This is the best feature of the agreement from the standpoint of our domestic politics. As to foreign relations, the powers, without exception, welcome the agreement as an additional guaranty of the *status quo*. The interests of none are threatened or adversely affected by it. As for illegitimate ambitions in trade or territorial expansion at the expense of China or of Japan, no power could dare to avow them or to complain that they have been dashed by the agreement. As a matter of fact, all the governments of influence had been consulted or informed in advance, and all had expressed their approval of the proposed step. China, entering upon a new epoch, with new rulers, has special reason to welcome the agreement.



Note and Comment

On October 22 the German people celebrated the fiftieth birth day of the Empress. She is a few months older than the Kaiser.

The new German Ambassador to the United States, Count Johann Bernstorff, succeeding the late Baron Speck von Sternberg, will be of interest to Americans in part by reason of his wife, who was formerly a Miss Luckemeyer of New York City.

Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff began his diplomatic career in 1889, when he was made attaché at Constantinople. From Turkey he was transferred to the German Foreign Office, after which he advanced from one grade to another, serving as a representative in many of the great capitals of Europe.

He was counsellor of the German Embassy and First Secretary in London six years ago. The Count's work in creating good feeling between Great Britain and Germany brought him for the first time under the notice of the Emperor, and after four years' service in a minor position in London he was transferred to Cairo as Ambassador. This position is regarded in the German Diplomatic Service as a stepping stone to one of the greater ambassadorial portfolios, and his present appointment therefore did not cause much surprise in Berlin.

The Count met his wife, then Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer, in 1887, while she was traveling on the Continent. The Countess was born in 1867. They have two children, a daughter, Alexandria, 20 years old, and a son, who is 17. The Ambassador is said to be tall and of slender build, with a very youthful appearance for his 46 years. He impresses one as being a diplomat, energetic, resourceful. He speaks very good English, which he learned as a boy when attending the schools in London.

An exhibition of pictures representative of modern German art will be shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, beginning January 1. It is composed of 150 paintings and 50 drawings selected from the museums of Germany by an imperial commission, and includes the best examples of Kaulbach, Lenbach, Liebermann, Thoma, and Rudolph von Hoffmann.

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The University of Helsingfors is arranging for an exchange of professors with American universities after the plan found so successful for German and American universities.

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The World To-Day for December contains an interesting article upon "German Student Duelling," well illustrated from photographs. Another article in the same magazine which will be of interest to CHAUTAUQUAN readers is that entitled "The United States as a Peace Power," by Professor Amos S. Hershey of Indiana State University.





THE FRIENDSHIP of NATIONS

INTERNATIONAL WAR or PEACE?

The Human Harvest*

By David Starr Jordan

President of Leland Stanford University.

SCIENCE is wisdom set in order. It is known as science by its orderly arrangement, but above and beyond all matters of arrangement the wisdom itself must take rank. Wisdom is the essence of human experience, the contact of mind with the order of nature. Of all men of his time, Benjamin Franklin was preëminently a man of wisdom. By the same token the first leader in science in America, he still takes rank with the greatest.

So in this time of historic recognition, it is proper that a speaker of today should find his message in the words of Benjamin Franklin, and the message I choose is one for which this City of Philadelphia has always stood and from which it has taken its Greek name, the name which in classical phrase says with a single word that men are brothers worthy of our love. It is a message for which the State of Pennsylvania has always stood, for the same principle was embodied in the life of William Penn. This has always been a Quaker City, and the Quakers, the Friends, have been our best apostles of the gospel of "peace on earth, good will towards men," the culmination of social and political wisdom.

Benjamin Franklin once said, "All war is bad; some wars worse than others." Then, once again, in more explicit terms referring to the dark shadow of war cast over

*An address delivered in Philadelphia April 18, 1906. Reprinted by courtesy of the Author from the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society.

The series entitled "The Friendship of Nations," which began in the September CHAUTAUQUAN, will continue throughout the reading year.

scenes of peace, the evil of the standing army, Franklin said to Baynes :

"If one power singly were to reduce its standing army it would be instantly overrun by other nations. Yet I think there is one effect of a standing army which must in time be felt so as to bring about the abolition of the system. A standing army not only diminishes the population of a country, but even the size and breed of the human species. For an army is the flower of the nation. All the most vigorous, stout, and well-made men in a kingdom are to be found in the army, and these men in general cannot marry."

What is true of standing armies is far more true of armies that fight and fall; for as Franklin said again, "Wars are not paid for in war times: the bill comes later."

In the discussion of the principles involved in Franklin's words, I must lay before you four fragments of history, three stories told because they are true, and one parable not true, but told for the lesson it teaches. And this is the first: Once there was a man strong, wealthy and patient, who dreamed of a finer type of horse than had ever yet existed. This horse should be handsome, clean-limbed, intelligent, docile, strong, and swift. These traits were to be not those of one horse alone, but of a number of favored equine aristocracy; they were to be "bred in the bone" so that they could continue from generation to generation, the attributes of a special common type of horse. And with this dream ever before his waking eyes, he invoked for his aid, the four twin genii of organic life, the four by which all the magic of transformation of species has been accomplished either in nature or in art. And these forces once in his service, he left to their control all the plans included in his great ambition. These four genii or fates are not strangers to us, nor were they new to the human race. Being so great and so strong, they are invisible to all save those who seek them. Men who deal with them after the fashion of science give them commonplace names, variation, heredity, segregation, selection.

Because not all horses are alike. because in fact no

two were ever quite the same, the first appeal was made to the genius of Variation. Looking over the world of horses, he found to his hand Kentucky race horses, clean-limbed, handsome and fleet, some more so and others less. So those which had the most of the virtues of the horse which was to be were chosen to be blended in new creation. Then again, he found thoroughbred horses of Arabian stock, hardy and strong and intelligent. These virtues were needed in the production of the perfect horse. And here came the need of the second genius, who is called Heredity. With the crossing of the racer with the thoroughbred, all qualities of both were blended in the progeny. The next generation partook of all desirable traits and again of undesirable ones as well. Some the one, and some the other, for sire and dam alike had given the stamp of its own kind and for the most part in equal degree. But again never in a degree quite equal, and in some measure these matters varied with each sire and each dam, and with each colt of all their progeny. It was found that the progeny of the mare called Beautiful Bells excelled all others in retaining all that was good in fine horses, and in rejecting all that a noble horse should not have. And like virtues were attached to the sires called Palo Alto, Electricity, and Electioneer.

But there were horses and horses; horses not of the chosen breed, and should these enter the fold with their common blood it would endanger all that had been already accomplished. For the ideal horse mating with the common horse controls at the best but half the traits of the progeny. If the strain were to be established, the vulgar horse flesh must be kept away, and only the best remain in association with the best. Thus Segregation, the third of the genii was called into service lest the successes of this herd be lost in the failure of some other.

Under the spell of Heredity all the horses partook of the charm of Beautiful Bells and of Electricity and of Palo Alto, for firmly and persistently all others were banished from their presence. There were some who were not strong,

some who were not sleek, some who were not fleet, some who were not clean-limbed, nor docile, nor intelligent. At least, they were not so to the degree which the dream of fair horses demanded. By the force of Selection, all such were sent away. Variation was always at work making one colt unlike another; Heredity made each colt a blend or mosaic of traits of sire and of grandsires and granddams; Selection left only good traits to form this mosaic, and the grandsire and granddam, sire and dam, and the rest of the ancestry lived their lives again in the expanding circle of descent.

Thus in the final result, the horses who were left were the horses of their owner's dream. The future of the breed was fixed, and fixed at the beginning by the very framing of the conditions under which it lived. It is variation which gives better as well as worse. It is heredity which saves all that has been attained—for better or for worse. It is selection by which better triumphs over worse, and it is segregation which protects the final result from falling again into the grasp of the general average. In all this, selection is the vital moving changing force. It throws the shaping of the future on the individual chosen by the present. The horse who is left marks the future of his kind. The history of the steed is an elongation of the history of those who are chosen for parentage. And with the best of the best chosen for parentage, the best of the best appears in the progeny. The horse-harvest is good in each generation. As the seed we sow, so shall we reap.

And this story is true, known to thousands of men. And it will be true again just as often as men may try to carry it into experiment. And it will be true not of horses alone, for the four fates which guide and guard life have no partiality for horses but work just as persistently for cattle or sheep, or plums or roses, or calla or cactus, as they do for horses or for men. From the very beginning of life they have wrought untiringly—and in your life and in mine—in the grass of the field, the trees of the forest—in bird and beast, everywhere we find the traces of their energy.

And this brings me to my second story, which is not true, as history, but only in its way as parable.

There was once a man—strenuous no doubt, but not wise, for he did not give heed to the real nature of things and so he set himself to do by his own unaided hand the work which only the genii can accomplish. And this man possessed also a stud of horses. They were docile, clean-limbed, fleet, and strong and he would make them still more strong and swift. So he rode them swiftly with all his might—day and night, always on the course, always pushed to the utmost, leaving only the dull and sluggish to remain in the stalls. For it was his dream to fill these horses with the spirit of action, with the glory of swift motion, that this glory might be carried on and on to the last generation of horses. There were some who could not keep the pace, and to these and these alone he assigned the burden of bearing colts. And the feeble and the broken, the dull of wit, the coarse of limb, became each year the mothers of the colts. The horses who were chosen for the race-course he trained with every care, and every stroke of discipline showed itself in the flashing eyes and straining muscles, such were the best horses. But the other horses were the horses who were left. From their loins came the next generation and with these there was less fire and less speed than the first horses possessed in such large measure. But still the rush went on—whip and spur made good the lack of native movement. The racers still pushed on the course, while in the stalls and paddocks at home, the dull and common horses bore their dull and common colts. Variation was still at work with these as patiently as ever. Heredity followed, repeating faithfully whatever was left to her. Segregation, always conservative, guarded her own, but could not make good the deficiencies. Selection, forced to act perversely, chose for the future the worst and not the best, as was her usual fashion. So the current of life ran steadily downward. The herd was degenerating because it was each year an inferior herd which bred. Each generation yielded weaker colts, rougher, duller, clumsier colts, and no amount of

training or lash or whip or spur made any permanent difference for the better. The *horse-harvest* was bad. Thoroughbred and racehorse gave place to common beasts, for in the removal of the noble the ignoble always finds its opportunity. It is always the horse that remains which determines the future of the stud.

In like fashion from the man who is left flows the current of human history.

This tale then is a parable, a story of what never was, but which is always trying to become true.

Once there was a great king—and the nation over which he bore rule lay on the flanks of a mountain range, spreading across fair hills and valleys green and fertile across to the Mediterranean Sea. And the men of his race, fair and strong, self-reliant and self-confident, men of courage and men of action, were men "who knew no want they could not fill for themselves." They knew none on whom they looked down, and none to whom they regarded themselves inferior. And for all things which men could accomplish, these plowmen of the Tiber and the Apennines felt themselves fully competent and adequate. "Vir," they called themselves in their own tongue, and *virile*, *virilis*, men like them are called to this day. It was the weakling and the slave who was crowded to the wall; the man of courage begat descendants. In each generation and from generation to generation the human harvest was good. And the great wise king who ruled them; but here my story halts—for there was no king. There could be none. For it was written, men fit to be called men, men who are *Vires*, "are too self-willed, too independent, and too self-centered to be ruled by anybody but themselves." Kings are for weaklings, not for men. Men free-born control their own destinies. "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings." For it was later said of these same days: "There was a Brutus once, who would have brooked the Eternal Devil to take his seat in Rome as easily as a king." And so there was no king to cherish and control these men, his subjects. The spirit of freedom was the

only ruler they knew, and this spirit being herself metaphoric called to her aid the four great genii which create and recreate nations. Variation was ever at work, while heredity held fast all that she developed. Segregation in her mountain fastness held the world away, and selection chose the best and for the best purposes, casting aside the weakling, and the slave, holding the man for the man's work, and even the man's work was at home, building cities, subduing the forests, draining the marshes, adjusting the customs and statutes, preparing for the new generations. So the men begat sons of men after their own fashion, and the men of strength and courage were ever dominant. The Spirit of Freedom is a wise master, cares wisely for all that he controls.

So in the early days, when Romans were men, when Rome was small, without glory, without riches, without colonies and without slaves, these were the days of Roman greatness.

Then the Spirit of Freedom little by little gave way to the Spirit of Domination. Conscious of power, men sought to exercise it, not on themselves but on one another. Little by little, this meant banding together, aggression, suppression, plunder, struggle, glory, and all that goes with the pomp and circumstance of war. The individuality of men was lost in the aggrandizement of the few. Independence was swallowed up in ambition, patriotism came to have a new meaning. It was transferred from the hearth and home to the trail of the army.

It does not matter to us now what were the details of the subsequent history of Rome. We have now to consider only a single factor. In science, this factor is known as "reversal of selection." "Send forth the best ye breed!" That was the word of the Roman war-call. And the spirit of Domination took these words literally, and the best were sent forth. In the conquests of Rome, *Vir*, the real man, went forth to battle and to the work of foreign invasion, *Homo*, the human being, remained in the farm and the

workshop and begat the new generations. Thus "Vir gave place to Homo." The sons of real men gave place to the sons of scullions, stable-boys, slaves, camp-followers, and the riff-raff of those the great victorious army does not want.

The fall of Rome was not due to luxury, effeminacy, corruption, the wickedness of Nero and Caligula, the weakness of the train of Constantine's worthless descendants. It was fixed at Philippi, when the spirit of domination was victorious over the spirit of freedom. It was fixed still earlier, in the rise of consuls and triumvirates and the fall of the simple sturdy self-sufficient race who would brook no arbitrary ruler. When the real men fell in war, or were left in faraway colonies, the life of Rome still went on. But it was a different type of Roman which continued it, and this new type repeated in Roman history its weakling parentage.

"It is puerile," says Charles Ferguson, "to suppose that kingdoms are made by kings. The kings could do nothing if the mob did not throw up its cap when the king rides by. The king is consented to by the mob, because of that in him which is mob-like. The mob loves glory and prizes, so does the king. If he loved beauty and justice, the mob would shout for him while the fine words were sounding in the air, but he could never celebrate a jubilee or establish a dynasty. When the crowd gets ready to demand justice and beauty, it becomes a democracy and has done with kings."

Thus we read in Roman history the rise of the mob and of the emperor who is the mob's exponent. It is not the presence of the emperor which makes imperialism. It is the absence of the people, the want of men. Babies in their day have been emperors. A wooden image would serve the same purpose. More than once it has served it. The decline of a people can have but one cause, the decline in the type from which it draws its sires. A herd of cattle can degenerate in no other way than this, and a race of men is under the same laws. By the rise in absolute power, as a sort of historical barometer, we may mark the decline in the breed of the people. We see this in the history of Rome.

The conditional power of Julius Cæsar, resting on his own tremendous personality, showed that the days were past of Cincinnatus and of Junius Brutus. The power of Augustus showed the same. But the decline went on. It is written that "the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus." The emperor in the time of Cladius the Caligula was not the strong man who held in check all lesser men and organizations. He was the creature of the mob, and the mob, intoxicated with its own work, worshipped him as divine. Doubtless the last emperor, Augustulus Romulus, before he was thrown into the scrap-heap of history, was regarded in the mob's eyes and his own as the most godlike of them all.

What have the historians to say of these matters? Very few have grasped the full significance of their own words, for very few have looked on men as organisms, and on nations as dependent on the specific character of the organisms destined for their reproduction.

So far as I know, Benjamin Franklin was the first to think of man thus as an inhabitant, a species in nature among other species and dependent on nature's forces as other animals and other inhabitants must be.

In Otto Seeck's great history of "The Downfall of the Ancient World" (Der Untergang der Antiken Welt), he finds this downfall due solely to the rooting out of the best ("Die Ausrottung der Besten"). The historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or any other empire is engaged solely with the details of the process by which the best men are exterminated. Speaking of Greece, Dr. Seech says, "A wealth of force of spirit went down in the suicidal wars." "In Rome, Marius and Cinna slew the aristocrats by hundreds and thousands. Sulla destroyed the democrats, and not less thoroughly. Whatever of strong blood survived, fell as an offering to the proscription of the Triumvirate." "The Romans had less of spontaneous force to lose than the Greeks. Thus desolation came to them sooner. Whoever was bold enough to rise politically in Rome was almost without exception thrown to the ground. *Only cow-*

ards remained and from their brood came forward the new generations. Cowardice showed itself in lack of originality and in slavish following of masters and traditions."

The Romans of the Republic could not have made the history of the Roman Empire. In their hands it would have been still a republic. Could they have held aloof from world-conquering schemes, Rome might have remained a republic, enduring even to our own day. The seeds of destruction lie not in the race nor in the form of government, but in the influences by which the best men are cut off from the work of parenthood.

"The Roman Empire," says Seeley, "perished for want of men." The dire scarcity of men is noted even by Julius Cæsar. And at the same time it is noted that there are men enough. Rome was filling up like an overflowing marsh. Men of a certain type were plenty, "people with guano in their composition," to use Emerson's striking phrase, but the self-reliant farmers, the hardy dwellers on the flanks of the Apennines, the Roman men of the early Roman days, these were fast going, and with the change in the breed came the change in Roman history.

"The mainspring of the Roman army for centuries had been the patient strength and courage, capacity for enduring hardships, instinctive submission to military discipline of the population that lined the Apennines."

With the Antonines came "a period of sterility and barrenness in human beings." *"The human harvest was bad."* Bounties were offered for marriage. Penalties were devised against race suicide. "Marriage," says Metellus, "is a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge." Wars were conducted in the face of a declining birth rate, and this decline in quality and quantity of the human harvest engaged very early the attention of the wise men of Rome.

Thus *"Vir"* gave place to *Homo*, real men to mere human beings. There were always men enough such as they were. "A hencoop will be filled, whatever the (original) number of hens," said Benjamin Franklin. And thus the

mob filled Rome. No wonder the mob-leader, the mob-hero rose in relative importance. No wonder "the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus." No wonder that "if Tiberius chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions."

Government having assumed godhead took at the same time the appurtenances of it. Officials multiplied. Subject lost their rights. "Abject fear paralyzed the people and those that ruled were intoxicated with insolence and cruelty." "The worst government is that which is most worshipped as divine." "The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force over which citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties." "There runs through Roman literature a brigand's and barbarian's contempt for honest industry." "Roman civilization was not a creative kind, it was military, that is destructive." What was the end of it all? The nation bred real men no more. To cultivate the Roman fields "whole tribes were borrowed." The man of the quick eye and the strong arm, gave place to the slave, the scullion, the pariah, the man with the hoe, the man whose lot does not change because in him there lies no power to change it. "Slaves have wrongs, but freemen alone have rights." So at the end the Roman world yielded to the barbaric, because it was weaker in force. "The barbarians settled and peopled the empire rather than conquered it." And the process is recorded in history as the fall of Rome.

"Out of every hundred thousand strong men, eighty thousand were slain. Out of every hundred thousand weaklings, ninety to ninety-five thousand were left to survive." This is Dr. Seeck's calculation, and the biographical significance of such mathematics must be evident at once. Dr. Seeck speaks with scorn of the idea that Rome fell from the decay of old age, from the corruption of luxury, from neglect of military tactics or from the over-diffusion of culture.

"It is inconceivable that the mass of Romans suffered from over-culture." "In condemning the sinful luxury of wealthy Romans, we forget that the trade-lords of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were scarcely inferior in this regard to Lucullus and Apicius, their waste and luxury not constituting the slightest check to the advance of the nations to which these men belonged. The people who lived in luxury in Rome were scattered more thinly than in any modern state of Europe. The masses lived at all times more poorly and frugally because they could do nothing else. Can we conceive that a war force of untold millions of people is rendered effeminate by the luxury of a few hundreds?"

Does history ever repeat itself? It always does if it is true history. If it does not we are dealing not with history but with mere succession of incidents. Like causes produce like effects, just as often as man may choose to test them. Whenever men use a nation for the test, poor seed yields a poor fruition. Where the weakling and the coward survives in human history, there "the human harvest is bad," and it can never be otherwise.

The finest Roman province, a leader in the Roman world was her colony of Hispania. What of Spain in history? What of Spain today? "This is Castile," said a Spanish writer, "she makes men and wastes them." "This sublime and terrible phrase," says another writer, "sums up Spanish history."

Another of the noblest of Roman provinces was Gallia, the favored land, in which the best of the Romans, the Franks and the Northmen have mingled their blood to produce a nation of men, hopefully leaders in the arts of peace, fatally leaders also in the arts of war.

Today we are told by Frenchmen that France is a decadent nation. This is a confession of judgment, not an accusation of hostile rivals. It does not mean that the slums of Paris are destructive of human life. That we know elsewhere. Each great city has its great burdens, and these fall hard on those at the bottom of the layers of society. There is degradation in all great cities, but the great cities

are not the whole of France. It is claimed that the decadence is steadily falling, that the average stature of men is lower by two inches at least than it was a century ago, that the physical force is less among the peasants at their homes. Legoyt tells us that "it will take long periods of peace and plenty before France can recover the tall statures mowed down in the wars of the republic and the first empire." What is the cause of all this? Intemperance, vice, misdirected education, bureaucracy and the rush toward ready made careers? These may be symptoms. They are not causes. Demolins asks in that clever volume of his: "In what constitutes the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon?" Before we answer this, let us inquire in what constitutes the inferiority of the Latin races? If we admit this inferiority exists in any degree, and if we answer it in any degree, we find in the background the causes of the fall of Greece, the fall of Rome, the fall of Spain. We find the spirit of domination, the spirit of glory, the spirit of war, the final survival of subserviency, of cowardice and of sterility. The man who is left holds in his grasp the history of the future. The evolution of a race is always selective, never collective. Collective evolution among men or beasts, the movement upward or downward of the whole as a whole, irrespective of training or selection does not exist. As Le-pouge has said, "It exists in rhetoric, not in truth nor in history."

The survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is the primal moving cause of race progress and of race changes. In the red stress of human history, the natural process of selection is sometimes reversed. A reversal of selection is the beginning of degradation. It is degradation itself. Can we see the fall of Rome in the downfall of France? Let us look again at the history. A single short part of it will be enough. It will give us the cue to the rest.

In the Wiertz gallery in Brussels is a wonderful painting, dating from the time of Waterloo, called Napoleon in Hell. It represents the great marshal with folded arms and face unmoved descending slowly to the land of the shades.

Before him, filling all the background of the picture with every expression of countenance are the men sent before him by the unbridled ambition of Napoleon. Three millions and seventy thousand there were in all—so history tells us, more than half of them Frenchmen. They are not all shown in one picture. They are only hinted at. And behind the millions shown or hinted at are the millions on millions of men who might have been and are not—the huge widening human wedge of the possible descendants of the men who fell in battle. These men of Napoleon's armies were the youth without blemish, "the best that the nation could bring," chosen as "food for powder," "ere evening to be trampled like the grass," in the rush of Napoleon's great battles. These men came from the plow, from the workshop, from the school, the best there were—those from eighteen to thirty-five years of age at first, but afterwards the older and the younger." "A boy will stop a bullet as well as a man;" this maxim is accredited to Napoleon. "The more vigorous and well born a young man is," says Novicow, "the more normally constituted, the greater his chance to be slain by musket or magazine, the rifled cannon, and other similar engines of civilization." Among those destroyed by Napoleon were "the élite of Europe." "Napoleon," says Otto Seeck, "in a series of years seized all the youth of high stature and left them scattered over many battle fields, so that the French people who followed them are mostly men of smaller stature. More than once in France since Napoleon's time has the military limit been lowered."

The spirit of freedom gave way to the spirit of domination. The path of glory is one which descends easily. Campaign followed campaign, against enemies, against neutrals, against friends. The trail of glory crossed the Alps to Italy and to Egypt, crossed Switzerland to Austria, crossed Germany to Russia. Conscription followed victory and victory and conscription debased the human species. "*The human harvest was bad.*" The first consul became the emperor. The servant of the people became the founder of the dy-

nasty. Again conscription after conscription. "Let them die with arms in their hands. Their death is glorious, and it will be avenged. You can always fill the places of soldiers." These were Napoleon's words when Dupont surrendered his army in Spain to save the lives of a doomed battalion.

More conscription. After the battle of Wagram, we are told, the French began to feel their weakness, the Grand Army was not the army which fought at Ulm and Jena. Raw conscripts raised before their time and hurriedly drafted into the line had impaired its steadiness."

On to Moscow,* "amidst ever-deepening misery they struggled on, until of the 600,000 men who had proudly crossed the Niemen for the conquest of Russia, only 20,000 famished, frost-bitten, unarmed spectres staggered across the bridge of Korno in the middle of December."

"Despite the loss of the most splendid army marshalled by man, Napoleon abated no whit of his resolve to dominate Germany and discipline Russia. ". . . He strained every effort to call the youth of the empire to arms. . . . and 350,000 conscripts were promised by the Senate. The mighty swirl of the Moscow campaign sucked in 150,000 lads under twenty years of age into the devouring vortex." "The peasantry gave up their sons as food for cannon." But "many were appalled at the frightful drain on the nation's strength." In less than half a year, after the loss of half a million men a new army nearly as numerous was marshalled under the imperial eagles. But the majority were young, untrained troops, and it was remarked that the conscripts born in the year of Terror had not the stamina of the earlier levies. Brave they were, superbly brave, and the emperor sought by every means to breathe into them his indomitable spirit." "Truly the emperor could make boys heroes, but he could never repair the losses of 1812." "Soldiers were wanting, youths were dragged forth." The human harvest was at its very worst.

*These quotations are from the "History of Napoleon I," by J. H. Rose.

And the sequel of it all is the decadence of France. In the presence of war—of war on such a mighty ruthless and ruinous scale—one does not have to look far to find in what constitutes the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. And we see the truth in Franklin's words, the deeper truth of their deeper wisdom: "Men do not pay for war in war time; the bill comes later."

Another wise man, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has used these words: "Man has but one future, and that is pre-determined in his lobes." "All the privilege and all the legislation in the world cannot meddle or help. How shall a man escape from his ancestors or draw off from his veins the black drop?"

It is related that Guizot once asked this question of James Russell Lowell, "How long will the republic endure?" "So long as the ideas of its founders remain dominant," was the answer. But again we have this question: "How long will the ideas of its founders remain dominant?" Just so long as the blood of the founders remains dominant in the blood of its people. Not necessarily the blood of the Puritans and the Virginians alone, the original creators of the land of free states. We must not read our history so narrowly as that. It is the blood of free-born men, be they Roman, Frank, Saxon, Norman, Dane, Goth or Samurai. It is a free stock which creates a free nation. Our republic shall endure so long as the human harvest is good, so long as the movement of history, the progress of peace and industry leaves for the future not the worst but the best of each generation. The Republic of Rome lasted so long as there were Romans, the Republic of America will last so long as its people, in blood and in spirit, remain what we have learned to call Americans.

By the law of probabilities as developed by Quetelet, there will appear in each generation the same number of potential poets, artists, investigators, patriots, athletes and superior men of each degree.

But this law involves the theory of continuity of paternity, that in each generation a percentage practically

equal of men of superior force or superior mentality should survive to take the responsibilities of parenthood. Otherwise Quetelet's law becomes subject to the operation of another law, the operation of reversed selection, or the biological "law of diminishing returns." In other words, breeding from an inferior stock is the sole agency in race degeneration, as selection natural or artificial along one line or another is the sole agency in race progress.

And all laws of probabilities and of averages are subject to a still higher law, the primal law of biology, which no cross-current of life can overrule or modify: *Like the seed is the harvest.*

International Aspects of Socialism

By A. M. Simons.

THE Socialist movement is a working-class movement. It arises out of the struggle between employers and employes, over the division of the product of labor. It is concerned with whatever affects the welfare of the working class. It deals with such problems as hours of labor, wages, strikes, boycotts, trusts, child labor, and the ownership of property. These problems all arise, and in much the same form in all countries whose industrial life is based upon private ownership of capital and the resulting wage system.

In all countries the interests of laborers in relation to these questions are practically identical. It is therefore inevitable that a labor movement should be international.

The workers in all countries desire a larger product and better conditions of living and working. The interests of the owning class, on the other hand are competitive, conflicting. Capitalists desire new and larger markets and all of them desire all the markets. The pursuit of their interests leads naturally to international jealousies and wars. Indeed the Socialists claim that nearly all modern wars have resulted directly from commercial conflicts.

Whatever may be true of internal questions it is certain that in the last analysis all great international questions tend to revert to the stern arbitrament of "blood and iron." For this reason great standing armies and ever-growing navies are maintained. But it is from the ranks of laborers that the soldiers must come. It is from the wealth produced by labor that the billions of dollars expended upon modern militarism must be taken. Whenever the Socialists ask for funds for old-age pensions, for the care of the sick, the injured and the widows and orphans, for the unemployed, or any of the social reforms for which they stand, they are always met with the excuse of "no funds." At the same time they see an ever-growing flood of dollars poured into the military budget. When war actually comes, it is from the ranks of the workers that the "cannon fodder" must be drawn, while the benefits of victory are reaped by those who take no part in the fighting. It has been said many times that wars will cease when rulers are compelled to do the fighting. The Socialists propose to end war by insisting that those who are not interested in war shall not bear its burdens.

Socialists maintain that governments at the present time are used largely to maintain and defend the interests of private property. While they hold this position they are not apt to be carried away by any jingoist form of patriotism, but are apt to look with hostility upon any proposition leading to war in defense of such interests.

Socialists are therefore very much alive to the solidarity of labor throughout the world. They realize that such a tremendous change as is involved in the victory of the working-class and the transformation of private capital to collective ownership could not well be brought about in one nation while the remainder of the world remained hostile. All the principles of Socialism, therefore, lead inevitably to international action.

This fact has been reflected in the organization of the Socialist movement from the very beginning. The very first organized expression of modern socialism was the Interna-

ntional Workingmen's Association, founded in London in 1864. It quickly extended to nearly every important country. It was to a considerable degree under the direct personal influence of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Its main historical purpose was to give a uniform philosophical foundation to the working-class movement of all countries. When this work was accomplished, its founders recognized that the movements in the various countries would develop much better if given greater national autonomy. At their suggestion the headquarters were moved to the United States with the deliberate intention of bringing about the dissolution of the Association, which took place in 1876. Incidentally, it may be remarked, this is almost the only instance of a powerful organization being dissolved by its founders because its work was finished.

Before the dissolution of the "Old International," as this early body is commonly and fondly called by Socialists, it had succeeded in firmly implanting the seeds of Socialism in all important European countries. Twelve years after the dissolution of this first organization the various national organizations had grown so strong that they began to feel the need of closer international relations. The "Old International" had organized the various national movements; the "New International" was to be but a means of co-operation between the various national organizations.

The first important step in the creation of new international relations was the calling of the International Socialist Congress at Paris in 1889. Since that date these gatherings have been held at fairly regular intervals,—at Brussels in 1891, Zurich 1893, London 1896, Paris 1900, Amsterdam 1904, Stuttgart 1907, and the next will be held at Copenhagen in 1910. These congresses have grown steadily in size and importance. At Stuttgart there were a thousand delegates representing practically every civilized country. All European nations sent delegates, and there were representatives from the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Japan, and India.

For one week this great gathering discussed questions of international policy. There were four subjects upon the general program: 1. The proper relations of the economic and political wings of the labor movement, that is, the Socialist parties and the trade unions. 2. Militarism. 3. Woman suffrage. 4. Emigration and immigration. Although the discussions were warm and press dispatches published in the United States told of impending splits, every proposition but one was settled by a unanimous vote, and on that one the opposition was insignificant in numbers, and confined to a minor point. The whole congress was a most striking reply to the criticism often offered by ignorant opponents, that there are as many different kinds of socialism as there are Socialists. It proved once more that, as a matter of fact, the world has never known such a multitude of individuals drawn from widely divergent races and nations that show such a harmony of thought.

The Second Paris Congress in 1900 recognized the need of still closer international affiliations. A permanent International Socialist Bureau and Secretariat was established. The headquarters of this body were located at Brussels with the office in the great *Maison du Peuple*, owned by the co-operatives of that city and forming the general headquarters of the Socialists, trade unions, and co-operative societies of Belgium. The present International Secretary is Camille Huysmans. His general function is to form a center of information and communication between the Socialist parties of the various countries. He has also accumulated one of the largest Socialist libraries in existence, including files of the Socialist papers of every country.

The International Socialist Bureau is composed of two delegates from each of the affiliated countries. It meets at least once each year and may be called together at any time in extraordinary session on request of any of the affiliated countries, if this request is, by correspondence, approved by a majority of the members of the Bureau. It has only advisory powers, and its decisions are in no way binding

upon the affiliated parties. Indeed the same is true of the decisions of the International Congress, and there have been instances of national refusals to heed such decisions without thereby injuring the standing of such a national party in the international organization. At the same time the moral effect of such decisions cannot but be very great.

The International Bureau issues appeals for international action when necessary. This is always done when there is a threat of war between any two affiliated nations. During the Russian revolution large sums of money were gathered from all parts of the world by the International Bureau and forwarded to the Russian Socialists.

Recently the various Socialist members of national legislative bodies felt the need of closer and more direct means of communication and co-operation. There are now more than two hundred such members, and the legislation for which they are working is much the same in all countries. Frequently the experience of one country furnishes the powerful arguments for or against similar legislation proposed elsewhere. The introduction of the same measure simultaneously in several nations would give a general momentum, so to speak, that would be of material assistance in securing its enactment. One of the most common objections offered to any legislation reducing hours, increasing wages, or in any way increasing the cost of production is that the nation first adopting it would be hampered in the international market. If the same legislation is simultaneously introduced in all competing nations this argument disappears. These are but suggestions of points in which there is room for co-operation. To meet this need a Socialist Interparliamentary Conference has been organized which held its first meeting immediately before the Stuttgart congress in 1907. Other sessions have been held since and methods of common action are being gradually worked out. In case of threatened war this conference can plan a common line of action for its members in the various parliaments which would be most effective in preventing war.

The germ of another agent of international co-operation was evolved at a recent meeting of the International Socialist Bureau. This was a Socialist and Labor News Agency. This will be based upon the widespread Socialist press already existing and is expected soon to form a newsgathering agency that will disseminate news matter which is of special interest to the working-class and which is quite generally neglected or distorted by existing news agencies.

Each of these organized forms of action has developed only when the work in some particular field of International Socialist activity becomes too great for existing organization. Consequently there is a large amount of international action for which no especial organs exist.

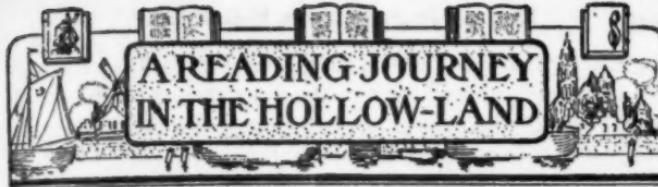
Any threat of war is always met by counter demonstrations on the part of the Socialists in the countries affected. It is generally admitted that these demonstrations did much to preserve peace between France and Germany at the time of the Morocco affair, and Socialists assert that they were directly responsible for the prevention of war between Norway and Sweden on the occasion of the separation of those two countries.

There was a rather striking incident in connection with the Franco-German situation that illustrates the Socialist position and powers at the present time. Karl Marx said, in discussing the "Six Great Powers of Europe," that a seventh and greater "Power" had arisen,—the "power of the international Socialist movement." When the German Socialists asked Jean Jaurès, the great orator of the French Social movement, to speak in Berlin during the Moroccan crisis, Chancellor Von Buelow feared the effect of such an address so much that he instructed the German ambassador at Paris to transmit a request to M. Jaurès to refrain from making any such speech. So far as anyone has been able to recall this was the first note ever addressed to an individual through such high diplomatic channels and the German Socialists declared that by so doing the "Seventh Great Power" has been granted diplomatic recognition and admitted to the "concert of nations."

Recent events in America have shown that "citizenship" in this new "power" is not without value. When the Russian government sought the extradition of Jan Janoff Pouren in New York and Christian Rudowitz in Chicago, although they were both but poor peasants in Russia, and in America Rudowitz was but a number on a corporation payroll, the fact that they belonged to the International Socialist movement brought powerful friends to their aid. To be sure, these cases attracted thousands who had no sympathy with Socialism, yet it was only because of the widespread organization of the Socialist movement that the agitation was started and these powerful friends secured.

In view of this widespread international organization and the principles upon which it rests the Socialists base their claim to being the largest and most powerful "peace society" in existence. They assert that, even while the competitive or monopolistic system persists the Socialist movement offers the greatest guarantee for universal peace, and that only upon the abolition of the commercial antagonism upon which modern war rests is there to be found an assurance of permanent abolition of the arbitrament of blood and iron.

There are fully thirty thousand men and women who are directly affiliated or in such close sympathy with the international Socialist organization that they will respond to its efforts to promote peace. The Socialist movement is the war against war waged by those who have fought all wars.



Part V—Utrecht, Amsterdam, Broek, Zaandam, Monnikendam, Mar- ken, Volendam, and Edam*

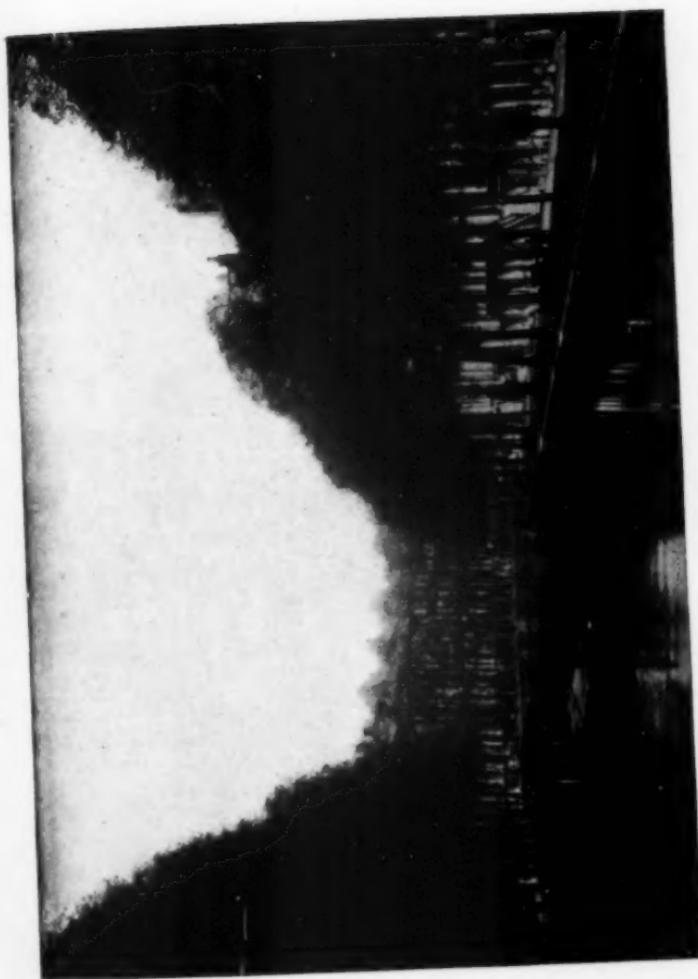
By George Wharton Edwards

MY Dutch friend having left me temporarily, I was thrown on my own resources and leaving my baggage, I wended my way down to the "Catherijne Kade," crossing the canal. Naturally of a modest and retiring disposition, I do not court undue notoriety and observation. This is necessary to state here because alighting from the train at Utrecht, I immediately became aware that I was for some reason an object of attraction. The porters were rather attentive to my luggage and when I tipped them, they grinned broadly and winked at one another. I was curious as to their actions but it was when passing over the bridge on the Rijnkade, that I met a number of school children and to my amazement, something in my appearance convulsed them with laughter and with shouts and gesticulations, they turned and ran on ahead of me, walking backwards as children do, and staring at me the while. In vain I looked myself over, felt of my hat, my hair, and my collar, which seemed all correct and in place. Attracted by the noise men and women appeared at shop doors and, when I passed, fell in behind me, and soon I was at the head of a long, straggling procession, which closed in upon my heels in a most uncomfortable manner, and it was only by dodg-

*The "Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land" began in the September CHAUTAUQUAN and will continue through May.

ing through an alley and turning on my steps, then through the Stadhuisbrug and back to the quiet streets by the canal, that I managed to elude my pursuers. "What," thought I, "is the matter with my appearance," and I stepped into a little shop which displayed some books in a window, and bore the sign, "Boekhanderij," and to the clerk behind the counter asked did he "see anything strange in my costume?" His answer dumbfounded me. "Does Mynheer pull the teeth today?" Briefly told it transpired that a couple of itinerant, quack dentists had been in town the day before, that they carried American flags, and had extracted teeth free of charge in the Cathedral square, selling tooth-powder, besides, restoring miraculously the whiteness of black teeth in one application. "But why," said I, "am I thus followed, I am no dentist." "Why, Mynheer wears the yellow shoes like the others! never before-have we seen such in Utrecht, therefore the people think Mynheer a dentist." I fled back to the station, and my comfortable tan shoes were promptly consigned to the depths of my traveling kit.

Utrecht lies peacefully in the midst of verdant fields and vast, deep woods. Its parks are charming; it has a fine campanile, opulent looking houses, and a university. Its canals are different from those of other Dutch towns, inasmuch as they lie considerably below the level of the streets. There are practically two roadways, one on each side of the waterway. The upper, lined with prosperous looking shops and well-appearing buildings, forming a sort of roof for a lower line of vaults and stores which give upon the lower level to the canal. The effect is picturesque and novel. The Cathedral is only a sort of fragment as the Nave was destroyed by a storm in 1674. From the vastness of the tower, it must have been one of the finest and most important in the Netherlands. It stands upon the opposite side of a large square. The interior of the remaining portion is disfigured by unsightly woodwork, but it contains some very interesting monuments. From the tower, a level country is visible for miles, with its towns and villages shining in the sunlight. The "Malieban" or Mall should be vis-



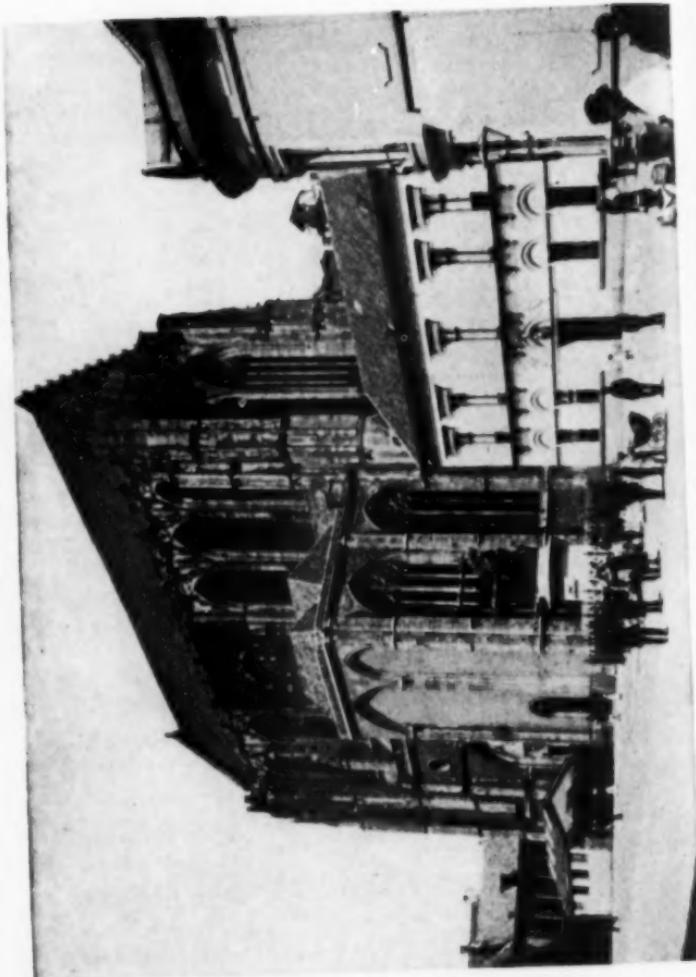
A Canal (Heeren Gracht), Amsterdam.



The Bourse, Amsterdam.



Canal and Street, Utrecht.



The Cathedral, Utrecht.



The Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



View of Canal entering Amsterdam. At the right, the Montalbaanstoren.

ited, a charming avenue of lime trees, three rows deep on either side and more than a mile in length, forming one of the finest promenades in the Netherlands. The city is the headquarters of the Jansenists, a curious Roman Catholic sect, founded in the fifteenth century by Cornelius Jansen. They form a separate communion in Holland, numbering some six thousand, and "bull" after "bull" has been promulgated against them by various Popes. A very ancient city, Utrecht has a very interesting history. In early days when the country was subject to the Romans, it was known as "Trajectum ad Rhenum," that is, Ford of the Rhine. Its first bishop was Wilibrod, an Anglo-Saxon, who came from England to preach the gospel in Walcheren. The prince-bishops of Utrecht were famous for their power and wealth, and ruled with the counts of Holland for many centuries. The famous treaty of Utrecht, the union of the southern provinces, the foundation of the Netherlands republic (1579) was signed here. The paintings on exhibition in the town are commonplace and do not call for special mention.



The Royal Palace, Amsterdam.

The saying of Erasmus who waxed witty at the expense of Amsterdam, and compared the Amsterdam people to "crows living in the tops of trees," need not be quoted further, as every traveler refers to it in detail, but it is certain that were the city turned upside down it would present the appearance of a forest of bare tree trunks. The Exchange, I am informed, rests upon some 3,500 piles driven into the sand. There is so much to be seen in Amsterdam that one is at a loss where to begin; the canals are filled with huge ships and barges busily loading and discharging cargoes, and in the streets are seen vast heaps of casks and bales, and facing them, shops, crowded with people, here the shopmen and clerks, there the rough wandering sailors and boatmen wide breeched and ear-ringed. The city is most confusing in its configuration. The north side is given up to the docks on the Ij (pronounced "Eye"). It is built in the form of a horseshoe, and the streets radiate from the "Dam" like a spider's web. The Dam is therefore the center or hub and presents a busy aspect at all hours of the day. On the Rem-



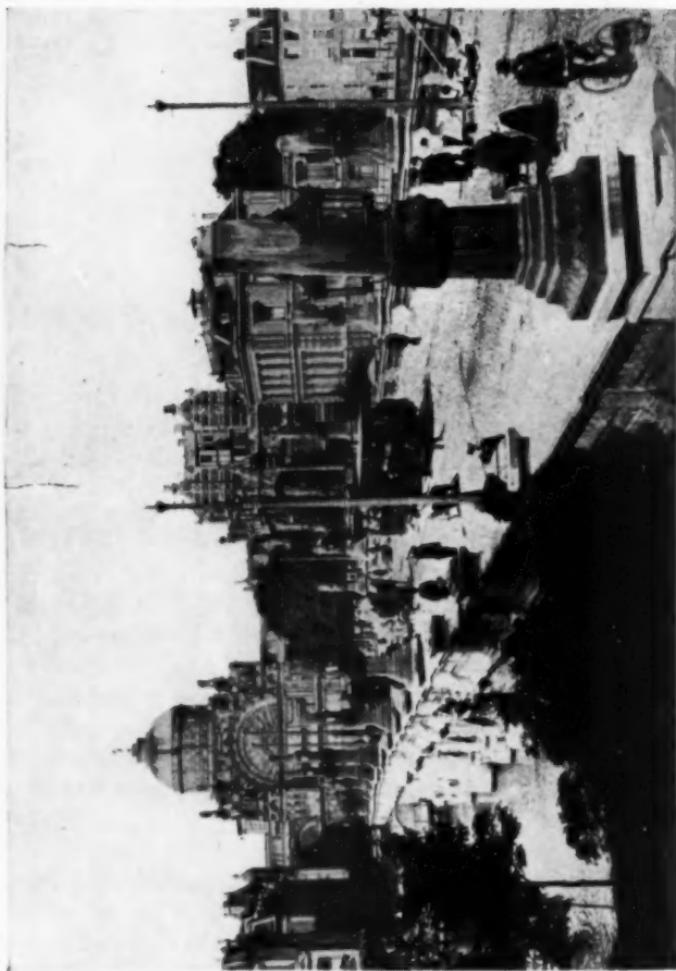
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Bridge over the Amstel looking towards the Paleis voor Volksvlijt, Amsterdam.

brandt Plein the scene is very animated and gay on fine evenings with the crowds, and the lighted cafés, and the cosmopolitan gathering. But it is the river front which will attract the tourist, and leaning upon the rail of a bridge one's nostrils are greeted with the odor of strange bales of goods, of tar, and the smell of cooking from the galleys of the vessels. And one cannot linger long upon the bridge either for there is the constant raising and lowering of the draws to let the boats pass to and fro. The rattle of the chain and block mingles with the roar of wheels, and the noisy whistles on the tugs, the jangle of chimes from the steeples, and the guttural shouts of the boatmen. Huge "Boms" pass in tow of diminutive tugs, carriages pass side by side with the boats, sails are mirrored in shop windows, and the rigging is reflected in the water of the canal. From the Dam start the numerous tramways with attending crowds in swarms, soldiers are on duty before the Palace, merchants hurry to and fro from the exchange, shoppers pass to and from the Kalverstraat, and peasants in curious costumes from the country stand and gaze in wonder. During the last week in August the small boys of the city are permitted to make a playground of the "Beurs" or exchange, a privilege granted by the city in commemoration of the discovery of a plot by the Spanish in 1622. The massive gloomy building on the west side is the palace, but the Queen only stops here one week in the year. It is described by Thackeray as follows:

"You have never seen the Palace of Amsterdam, my dear sir? Why, there's a marble hall in that palace that will frighten you as much as any hall in 'Vathek,' or a nightmare. At one end of the cold, glassy, glittering, ghostly, marble hall there stands a throne on which a white marble king ought to sit with his white legs gleaming down into the white marble below, and his white eyes looking at a great marble atlas, who bears upon his icy shoulders a blue globe as big as a full moon."

And he continues in the same strain. But frankly I think the room of fine proportions, and altogether impressive in its magnificent length of 120 feet, 60 feet in width, and 100 feet in height with white marble walls.

There are many curious back streets in Amsterdam



Typical House and Garden at Broek in Waterland

through which I have wandered day after day, streets bordering on quiet, sluggish canals, and lined with dark, solemn looking house of black and brown brick, with immaculately clean white window frames, rising sometimes to a considerable height and culminating in curious, stepped gables from which quaint cranes and hooked pulleys project, and above which the "Hei-tutors" fly. I don't know why, but these houses suggest spooley secrets, and seem inhabited solely by strange waxen-faced, lace-becapped ladies gazing furtively into the little "Spui" (or small mirror) which is invariably fastened to each window. I have mental pictures of interiors behind these many-paned windows containing vast stores of exquisite marqueterie furniture, rare Delft ware and paintings by Hals, massive side-boards crammed with Dutch Apostle spoons; inverted silver drinking cups surmounted by windmills and antique ships, and heavy cut-glass chandeliers with brass balls hanging pendant from the ceiling. Many days have I idled along these silent "Grachts," seeing only these dim, furtive, reflected, waxen faces in the windows and an occasional black cat scurrying across the way. But there is great



Mill, Zaandam.

contrast to the silent, dark canals in the great "Kalverstraat" which runs south from the Dam, by day and night filled with hurrying multitudes of merchants, peasants, and voyagers, and noisy with the clank of the wooden "shoon." The Kalverstraat is the Broadway of Amsterdam, but only in the sense of its being a busy thoroughfare, and not from its width, for it is quite narrow. The tourist will seek in the evening the "Warmoes Straat" in which is situated the "Krasnapolsky," the most gigantic restaurant in Europe, and perhaps the most cosmopolitan. It was here I caused consternation one evening at dinner by calling for a plate of ice, for I was thirsty and longed for a cold drink of good water. The waiters came and looked at me by turn and excitedly talked among themselves and gesticulated, finally calling the manager who asked me with great courtesy what I desired. I explained that I desired a plate of ice. He repeated "Ice?" I again said ice. Three waiters behind him looked at each other and echoed ice. Then they all vanished. I waited. Finally I called the nearest waiter and giving him with a magnificent air a "dubbeltje" (small coin)



Canal, Monnikendam.



Street in Monnikendam.



Street in Monnikendam, showing leaning Houses.



On the Island of Marken.



Typical House Interior, Island of Marken.



The Walk along the Dyke, Marken.



The Fishing Fleet at the Wharf or Dyke, Marken.



Washing Clothes, Island of Marken.



Peasants, Volendam.



Typical Group, Volendam.



Boats, Volendam.



Peasant Group, Volendam.

said simply "a plate of ice, if you please." He too started visibly and said, "Ice?" I once more repeated *ice*. He in his turn vanished. After waiting for some time came the head-waiter with a plate of ice, two small cubes of the size of butter balls, set it down before me with a hesitating air and said, "ice mynheer," then stood to one side to see what I would do with it. Then came waiter number one, bearing a plate with one small piece of ice of the butter ball size and stood to one side with the proprietor to see what I was which he in turn set down before me, saying "ice mynheer," going to do. Then came waiter number three bearing triumphantly a plate with another small piece of ice which he placed with the other dishes, saying "if you please, ice mynheer," and joined the other two. With a spoon I placed the four small pieces of ice in a glass with some seltzer, and to their astonishment I drank it. They seemed satisfied, however, for when my bill was presented at the end of the dinner, the charge to my consternation was *four gulden* for the ice alone (\$1.60), and I noticed the extreme respect with which the waiter brought me my hat, my coat, and my cane and bowed me out into the night.

Around the Rembrandt's Plein are the principal cafés, surrounding the statue of the great painter. In summer evenings this square is well-nigh impassable with the strolling crowds from the Kalverstraat and the people seated about the small tables and chatting gaily. Friday evening until the night of Saturday, one of the greatest sights of the city is the "Jews' quarter." In this veritable "Ghetto," Spinoza was born. The house is still shown and is numbered 41 on the Waterloo Plein. The great Rembrandt, also, dwelt for a number of years at number four Jordenbreestraat. Of course, as is well known, this is the great center of diamond cutting and polishing, and in their little dingy cafés the merchants may be seen chaffering over gleaming heaps of the precious stones. Some writers have spoken of the fact of their letting the nail of the little finger grow long so that they may use it as a scoop, but I have not seen this myself. In this

quarter one may buy wonderful, antique rings and diamond sparks, but unless one is expert and delights in bargaining, and is willing to be cheated, one should avoid the experience. At the head of the "Gelderschekade" is a tower with a tiny spire, called the Weeper's tower, dating from the fifteenth century. Here the family or wives of the fishermen waved good-bye to the departing sailors long ago and watched them for a long distance. At the side of the fish market is "St. Anthony's weigh-house," a quaint, red-brick structure. Not far from here is the "Prins Hendrik Kade" where De Ruyter lived in the seventeenth century. It bears on its front his portrait in relief.

The St. Anthony's weigh-house, now used as a fire station, was in the fifteenth century the outer limit of the city. Some of the city Guilds met here, and I am told a society of surgeons once had a dissecting room on the upper floor. Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" originally hung in this building. There are some magnificent, charitable institutions in the city. Charles II. when in exile at Bruges is said to have remarked that "God would never forsake Holland," so charitable were its inhabitants. A frequent sight in the streets are the children from the orphanages who may be recognized easily by their picturesque costume or uniform of red and black. The skirt and bodice are divided equally, vertically in two colors, one side red, the other black. I had an excellent view in the evening at the open-air concert in the Zoological Gardens of the life of the people and at the "Tolhuis," a large tea garden across the ferry of the lights of the city and listened to the music of the fine military band. "The Rijks Museum" contains magnificent and world renowned paintings, the list of which is too extended to note in this article, but the traveler will seek the Gallery of Honor, at the end of which is the Rembrandt Room with its huge masterpieces. "The Night Watch" at once impels attention. It is, of course, *not a night watch at all*, for the lighting is from sunlight in a courtyard, but the misnomer will forever cling to the canvas. It represents Cap-

tain Frans Banning Cocq and his company of Arquebusiers leaving their headquarters for military exercises.

In the same hall hangs the brilliant work of Van der Helst, "The Banquet" of the Amsterdam shooters. This work brought the artist a great reputation. Thackeray describes the hands of the figures as being as wonderful as the faces. Here are pictures by Frans Hals, Jan Weenix, Metsu, Dou, Ter Boorch, Jan Steen, Wouwermans, Hobbeima, Ruisdael, and a host of others no less wonderful. There are also many modern paintings, the most popular of which is Queen Wilhelmina's coronation by Ecrelmans. There are numerous other picture galleries in the city. All in all, the tourist will find it difficult to tear himself away from Amsterdam.

Broek has long been celebrated by writers of Holland as being the cleanest place in the world but when I passed through it did not strike me as being cleaner than any other town of its class, though it did impress me as being more upon the toy-box order than any other, and it seemed to me that the inhabitants were painfully aware of their reputation and were trying to live up to it. It is certainly clean, for across the road there is a wooden bar to prevent horses or vehicles from entering the principal street, and a sign pointing out the way to a back thoroughfare by the canal. I saw an old dame who was nearly as wide as she was tall, busily sweeping up some imaginary dust into a pan in the middle of the roadway. She scowled at me as I passed so that I looked at my boots to see if they were not as clean as they might have been. It is all on a diminutive scale and looks like a play town arranged for some *fête*, and there are tiny ponds before the houses and three-foot drawbridges over two-foot canals, connecting the walks. But it is a pretty village with its tiny gardens, its trim trees, and its little ponds and I am not sorry that I passed through it.

Monnikendam I spent the night in. A queer, forgotten town with a stately, old brick church, big enough to hold a regiment. The houses are red, the shutters are green, the streets are deserted and the pavement is of very

yellow brick. It was from here that I took a sail boat for Marken, which wonderful island is nothing but a huge meadow dyked up against the sea, with the most theatrical population imaginable. It is said that the women rarely ever leave the island and that they know nothing of the outer world but I am inclined to doubt this, for they do understand the value of the "stuijver" (coin). The little villages, of which there are several, are built on high mounds of earth brought from the mainland in boats, and these are connected by narrow, brick-paved roadways running across the fields. In the spring and fall when the winds are high, the sea rises and the little villages are separated completely. The costumes of the men are comical. They wear a kind of divided skirt ending at the knees, with a blue shirt, and sou'wester. The dress of the women I shall describe with a certain diffidence as a short, full petticoat of some blue stuff, a very gay bodice covered with bright flowers, in red, green, and purple, which seems to be laced up the back; blue-knitted sleeves from wrist to elbow, thence to the shoulder in white, and bright orange handkerchief or a string of coral beads around the neck. Each woman wears a queer, close-fitting cap of black cloth with an edging of white lace, and her hair is cut straight across in a bang at the forehead, and two, long, curly locks hanging down each side of her face to her shoulders. As for the children, up to the age of ten, they are dressed exactly alike. It is only possible to tell the boys from the girls by the button the former have on their caps, and the red rose the latter wear under their chins. Marken is pronounced "Marriker." It has been said that Marken is no place for the sensitive traveler, and this, I think, true. The people are certainly mercenary to the last degree and some travelers have called them savages. But I would not go quite so far as this. The women impressed me as being better-natured than the men, and I was prepared to take it all on trust and believe in them thoroughly until I saw some of the interiors of the homes. The trouble with Marken is that it is a commercial community, a business enterprise with a discreetly hidden busi-

ness manager. The lavishly displayed bric-a-brac, Delft plate, brass milk cans, the Apostle spoons, as a rule are all made for the occasion and placed there by astute dealers, and the prices they ask for these would stagger even an American. And so let us leave them to the business.

Certainly, if Volendam, which I shall describe hereafter as a deep red village, is so identified, then Zaandam must be styled the "Green Village," for nowhere in Holland is there such a lavish display of green paint, and curiously enough the effect is charming. It would seem as if the weather had a qualifying effect upon the color for it becomes with time of an exquisite turquoise tint. These houses seen beneath the rows of trees which run down its long streets, are in effect most pleasing. Zaandam is divided by the river, Zaan. There is a little hotel called the "De Zon," presided over by a most kind, old vrouwe, and here one may sit at peace with the world, and watch the ducks swimming in the canal. Zaandam is preeminently the windmill town and invariably is associated with Don Quixote but of course he has had nothing whatever to do with it, and Whistler would say "why drag him in." These mills are whirling and gesticulating in all directions. There are blue mills, red mills, white mills, brown mills, black mills, and two green ones. I am told that for the most part they are pumping water, but I saw some which make fertilizer; others grind or cut tobacco, and many saw wood. The guide book tells me that there are four hundred of these mills and that they stretch along the canal for five miles. I counted eighty from the station alone, while waiting for the train, to the amazement of a cabman who was watching me and who certainly thought I was crazy. The moment I disembarked at Zaandam, I was beset with guides of all sorts: small boys danced before me, old men pushed and pulled me, and one man not being able to reach me for the crowd, tapped me on the head with a long stick which he held in his hand and holding up his other hand, shouted "Peter's house, Peters' house." But with one single word in Dutch with which I had been equipped by my Dutch

friend and which I will never disclose, I discouraged them, and sought out the house of Peter myself, for one cannot miss it, whether one wishes or not. It is now encased for preservation in an outer covering of zinc and brick, and outwardly resembles a small chapel. There are two small rooms to be seen, in one of which is Peter's bed. The walls of the hut are covered with autographs and some Russian tablets. Peter the Great lived here in 1697 when he worked as a shipwright in the yard of one Mynheer Kalf. The monarch is said to have spent only eight days in this hut and if this be so, he is certainly responsible for a great deal of trouble to the poor tourists and no little money has fallen into the pockets thereby of the bland Zaandamers. Anton Mauve, one of the greatest of the modern Dutch school of painters, was born here in 1838. He died at Arnheim in 1888. Strange to say neither Zaandam nor Arnheim has evinced the slightest interest in the fact.

And now Volendam, the artist village. To this we must go in the "Trekschuyt," a funny, little ark of a boat drawn by boy power along the canal, said boy and a sturdy one, too, being hitched up into a sort of harness with a wide leather band across his breast and the tow-line attached to a hook in his back. He leans over his "job" at an angle of 45 degrees and pulls the boat along the canal at the rate of about two and a half miles an hour which is fast going considering. Mynheer of the vast, gloomy hotel at Monnickendam, helped me down to the boat with my traps in the morning and introduced me to our boy motor. The boat, which lay in the canal, was shaped like a small Noah's Ark, nearly as broad as it was long, with a door at one end, giving entrance to the interior. Through the little, square windows in the sides, I saw the pretty faces of a number of girls in charming lace caps. The faces vanished as I looked and I heard a good deal of giggling and the boat swayed alarmingly from side to side. Once on board Mynheer presented me formally to the quaintest collection of girls that I have ever seen. There were six of them in the prettiest costumes imaginable. They quite filled the little cabin, with

a number of brightly polished milk-cans and one huge basket of celery. Soon we were off and in response to their questioning I began to tell the girls where I came from, and where I was going, my name, my age, my family history and my occupation, and soon they were gaily chattering upon matters, not more than half of which I could understand. I asked one of them to sing me a song which she did very shyly, at first, and the rest joined in the chorus. It was something about chasing pigs out of the garden, and a poor, sore heart, but I could not see the connection although this must have been my fault. Then my neighbor asked me if I would sing a song. I said I couldn't, that I never had excepting in the privacy of my own quarters, but that I would if they wished it and would absolve me from the consequences, that there were cows in the fields all about us, and that some consideration was due to the boy who was pulling the boat. At the first sound of my voice, the boy returned to the boat and asked me if anything was wrong. I, of course, resented his impudence, thinking that if the young ladies did not object that it was no concern of his. The girls seemed perfectly satisfied, for after the first few bars, they laughed uproariously and they did not ask me to continue, although I was perfectly willing. They did, however, entertain me charmingly by telling me much that concerned Volendam at which we arrived all too soon. The village is below, or almost so, the sea level, excepting some of the houses on the outer dyke. I may say that Volendam is now, alas, different from what it was when I first saw it, nearly twenty years ago. The traveler is beginning to find it out and Mynheer Spanders' Inn has been enlarged and is thronged in the summer. The houses are largely of wood with quaint gables and the color, as I remarked before, is a deep red. That is to say the houses are so painted, and, as well, this is the color of the jackets and trousers of the men. The great trouble with Volendam is its open drain from which there is great danger, I should think, of typhoid. Artists have found Volendam and its streets and houses are thronged with them. They come, too,

from all parts of the world. The population has learned to like them and the men, women, and children can fall at once into the easiest possible poses.

Mynheer Spander and his kind daughters were hospitality itself. They have provided a richly furnished studio for the painter which contains nearly all that one would need. The men are taciturnity itself. On their return from fishing, one may see them squatting on their heels all along the dyke in sheltered spots, smoking furiously and persistingly without saying one word for hours. One is struck by the collections of wooden shoes arranged outside each doorway in assorted sizes, until one learns that it is the rule that all shoes must be left outside before entering. The houses are very small, usually a story and a half, and are below the level of the street. The Volendam matron, when dressed ceremoniously, wears, I am credibly informed, some fourteen petticoats which are suspended from a wooden hoop worn about the waist. Those who can afford it, wear as many more as they can get, the outer one being of woolen stuff in broad blue and white stripes, embroidered with silk. The cap is unique and different from all others and has two, long lace points, projecting from each side of the face. The community is of the Roman Catholic faith. It is only on Saturdays and Sundays that the little harbor is completely filled with fishing-boats with their crews, presenting a very busy sight, and at church on Sunday the picture is unique.

Returning to Edam by the "Treskschuyt," one might linger for a little while at its museum. The house is a sufficiently, remarkable one. It has been styled "a curio of curios." Mynheer informs me that it was built by a sea captain, a wonderful man, away back in the sixteenth century, who so loved his vocation that he fitted up its interior as far as possible in the likeness of a ship. The custodian hands one a candle and invites one to descend into the "Hold." Formerly, I am told, this portion of the household floated in the canal water but it is now fastened to the rest of the structure. There is a steep ship's ladder, leading to a small cabin on the upper deck, which contains a

curious table so mechanically arranged that upon displacing the top some secret drawers are disclosed. There are various cunningly arranged closets, all contrived by this singular character. It is filled with old books and curios, and on the wall is a large painting, representing the battle of Chatham. I am told that the Dutch vessels therein engaged were built here. Of course, the town gives its name to the brand of cheese but as a matter of fact, little, if any, of this commodity is manufactured here.





V. The Painters of the Peasantry*

By George Breed Zug

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THE painters of domestic scenes, who were the subject of last month's article, were, in a way, the culmination of the national art. Other schools had introduced episodes from the intimate, daily life of the people into pictures whose central theme was religious. In early Italian art Giotto and his followers introduced fishermen and peasants into large sacred compositions. In fifteenth century Florence Benozzo Gozzoli and Fra Lippo Lippi painted pictures which were in the spirit of genre, though nominally religious. Likewise the early Flemish painters had brought scenes from daily life into their pictures of the Madonna and of the Deposition. In all these, however, the genre** element was apparently introduced to give naturalness to the story, and to enliven a religious scene by a purely human interest. The earlier Dutch painters had even gone so far as to reproduce tavern interiors and gatherings of the peasantry. But in the earlier schools and among the Dutch who came before Ter Borch it was exclusively the peasantry, the beggars, and

**The meaning of the "genre element" is indicated by the discussion of genre painting in last month's article. Philip Gilvert Hamerton in his "Painting in France," page 57, states that the expression generally refers to "a picture of small dimensions representing human character dramatically by means of clothed figures." Notice that in this art the incident depicted is usually of an intimate or even trifling character, never heroic or sublime in spirit.

*Articles of this series which have already appeared are: "Frans Hals and the Portrait" (September); "Rembrandt" (October); "Rembrandt and His Pupils" (November); "Painters of Domestic Scenes" (December).

the venders of wares who lent the genre touch. Thus it was reserved for Ter Borch to be the first painter to devote his brush exclusively to the portrayal of the gentler classes. Metsu's artistic qualities deteriorated when he put them to the service of the lower classes, Ver Meer and De Hooch were at their best only when depicting elegance and refinement.

This group then can be considered successful only in their treatment of gentility, but there is another side of genre painting without which the story of the Dutch school would be incomplete. For the elegant ladies of Ter Borch and the gallant officers of Metsu no more made the whole of Dutch life than did the cooks, the fishmongers, and the peddlers from whom Brouwer, Ostade, and Steen drew their inspiration. And it is to this other side that the masters of this article, and their many unnoticed followers, devoted their time and skill. And if their record be true, these peasants and artisans must have been a roistering lot over their feastings and their carousings. Just because this class of subjects does not make a ready appeal to the layman it is, perhaps a good time to assert again that in art and especially in the art of painting the subject of the artistic production is of least value, while the way in which the subject is presented is of greatest importance. In art it is not the matter, but the manner which counts. Great art may transfigure almost any subject. Of this truth there is no better illustration than the work of these genre painters, who were true artists, of consummate skill, of esthetic temperament. A peasant drinking, a girl chopping onions, a group of people playing cards, or an officer and his orderly may be handled with such a high degree of artistic skill that the work is more admirable as a work of art than many a picture of gods and heroes, or even of saints and martyrs. For what makes a work of art? Surely not the theme alone, but rather the higher qualities of artistic expression, refined and expressive drawing, skilful use of light and shade, good painting, harmonious color, and, finally, the pleasing and beautiful arrangement of all of these elements so as to pro-

duce a "life enhancing" result. Certainly a noble theme and a great conception are valuable, but they are of no avail if not nobly treated.

These little Dutchmen seem to value the domestic interior and the street scene as highly as they do the human figure. They seem to paint not nature merely, nor men and women merely, but man in his relations to nature. Nor is nature for them either a mere setting or a mere accessory, as with the Italians, nor is the human interest the supreme interest, but, instead, the two as related and interdependent.

Of these painters of the humble class the first to be mentioned is Adriaen Brouwer (also spelled Brauwer and De Brauwere). He was one of the first, if not the very first to devote himself exclusively to the portrayal of the lower classes, and through his influence many other men chose the same general theme. Born in 1605 or 1606 in Oudenarde in Flanders, he seems to have had his first training under Frans Hals, and has, therefore, been claimed by both countries and appears in the histories of both Dutch and Flemish art. But though Flemish by birth he was wholly Dutch by training. If report speaks true he was ill-used by Hals, who is said to have made him work incessantly and then starved him for his pains. Brouwer soon left the painter of Haarlem and studied under some unknown master in Amsterdam. When only twenty-five or twenty-six years of age he went to Antwerp, where he was thrown into prison as a spy. He was released, so his biographer tells us, at the intercession of Rubens, who would have had him reside with him. But so uncongenial to Brouwer's peasant nature were the magnificent surroundings of the master of Antwerp, that he considered Rubens' splendor little less irksome than the Duke of Arenburg's prison, and from this time he seems to have led a lawless sort of life until his sudden death at thirty-two years of age.

In his art he seldom leaves the tavern. His subject is nearly always the Dutch boor in his glory, drinking, quarreling, and generally misbehaving himself. Brouwer's themes are often frankly vulgar, but their technical treatment is

always masterly. The layman whose interest in art has not gone beyond his interest in the subject always detests Brouwer's pictures. It is the artist and the connoisseur who are invariably filled with admiration. His earliest pictures suffer from the common fault of young painters in being too crowded, restless and vociferous. But with the years he learned artistic sobriety and simplicity. His painting in the Munich Gallery of "Card Players Quarreling in an Inn" is a marvel of energy and sincerity. The great French painter, Meissonier has treated similar subjects, but he goes back to the eighteenth century for his figures, which seem, consequently, unreal and unconvincing. In fact all antiquarian painters such as Meissonier, who dress up their characters in the costumes of a past generation, end with superficiality and a certain lack of vigor. These are no faults of Brouwer for he painted the habitué of the Dutch tavern as he knew him. It was the very man with whom he himself drank, played and quarreled whom he cast on his canvas with absolute truth in the presentation. Moreover his grip on character goes far to redeem the unattractiveness of his material. In addition to this he is, perhaps, the greatest colorist in this group of Dutch artists. If it were not for the early death of Brouwer he might have proved himself the greatest of the peasant painters; as it is he has been surpassed in range and in variety of output if not in knowledge of character by a fellow-student under Hals.

Adriaen van Ostade was baptized in Haarlem on the tenth of December, 1610. When a youth of but eighteen he was working in the studio of Hals in company with Brouwer. Ostade was soon an independent master and set up his own studio in Haarlem at the age of twenty or twenty-two. His earlier pictures come very close to the style and spirit of Brouwer but in his middle period he shows something of the deep warm coloring and magical chiaroscuro of the master of "The Night Watch," which has led to Ostade's being aptly called the Rembrandt of genre painters. The works of his middle period are his best, since his later pictures are painted more thinly and with colder color. He

was one of the many stay-at-homes of the Dutch school, spending all his life in Haarlem and painting steadily until his death at the age of eighty-five. His "Peasants in an Inn," though painted in 1662, a little later than his best period, shows all the better qualities of his style. The room is naturally lighted through a window at the back and through a large door at the left. Three peasants are gathered about a low table. The man in the center is tuning his violin, another is lighting his pipe from a brazier on the table, while the third, seated on a three-legged chair, is resting a jug on one knee while he holds up a glass in his hand. A woman approaches with a chair. Delightfully natural is the dog begging the little girl for her bread and butter. The subdued lighting, the warm color, the life-likeness in pose and face of the peasants help to make this homely transcript of nature a true work of art. Very careful also is the painting of still-life,—the jug, the glass, the low table and the rustic chairs. The figures are as true to the life they represent as are the peasants of the French painter Millet. Indeed it is interesting to note that Millet had a great admiration for Ostade, and was, without doubt influenced by his work. There is an etching by Ostade that represents a poor peasant family gathered about a frugal table and in the act of giving thanks. Millet esteemed this work very highly, and those who know both the etching and the "Angelus" of Millet will recognize that the young man of the painting, standing in devout attitude and the woman with bent head and clasped hands are without doubt derived from similar figures in the etching. There seems in fact a bond of artistic kinship between the Hollander of the seventeenth century and the Frenchman of the nineteenth in their choice of homely people, simple treatment, and their unaffected human feeling.

Something of this sentiment and this feeling are discernible in Ostade's painting of "The Schoolmaster." The troubled look of the teacher as he wearily bends forward, the crying boy, and the nonchalance of the two stout little urchins beside the desk show the artist's appreciation of the

incident depicted. There is a warm golden tone to the picture and an interesting spotting of lights and darks. There is not, it must be confessed, sufficient concentration in arrangement; no one figure is emphasized by light and color, but the eye is allowed to wander over the whole picture instead of being attracted involuntarily to a central point of interest. Ostade may be counted among the fairly prolific producers, since we have nearly four hundred works in oil besides a large number of water-colors, drawings, and etchings.

Among Adriaen's pupils was his younger brother Isaak van Ostade, who was born in 1621 and died at the age of twenty-eight. His earliest pictures are painted in apparent imitation of his brother's work and represent interiors with peasants. Later he developed a style of his own, his favorite subjects being winter landscapes with people amusing themselves on the frozen canals, and such out-door scenes as "*The Wayside Inn*." Isaak is, however, on the whole inferior to his brother since his work is usually thin in painting and cold in color. It is with the landscape painters that he should really be compared and with them he cannot rank among the best.

There is a painter of this group who is at times as spiritual as Rembrandt or again as coarse as Brouwer, now as refined as Metsu, now as careless as Ostade when he is nodding, who at his best is as great a colorist and draughtsman as Ter Borch and who combines in his animated compositions more various episodes from the drama of life than any Dutchman save only Rembrandt. We refer of course to Jan Steen. He alone of all the Little Dutchmen is equally successful in the painting of both high and low-life. The fine ladies of Ter Borch and Metsu are never insipid though they are elegantly serious; the boors of Brouwer are more than merely vulgar, they are very real and human, but Steen's ladies and sumptuously clad doctors have something of the vigor of his peasants yet with all their own refinement. His peasants caught by the artist in their scenes of merriment are the unconscious actors in the comedy of human

life of seventeenth century Holland. None of the Dutch paintings excel certain masterpieces of Steen in combining all the good qualities of painting; no painter save Rembrandt equals Steen in variety of subject and adaptability of method. He knows how to be tender with the sick and suffering, and to be serious with those who are sad, while more often he is merry with the light-hearted and a boon companion to the roisterers. In view of the theme of the present article only one side of his artistic expression will be illustrated.

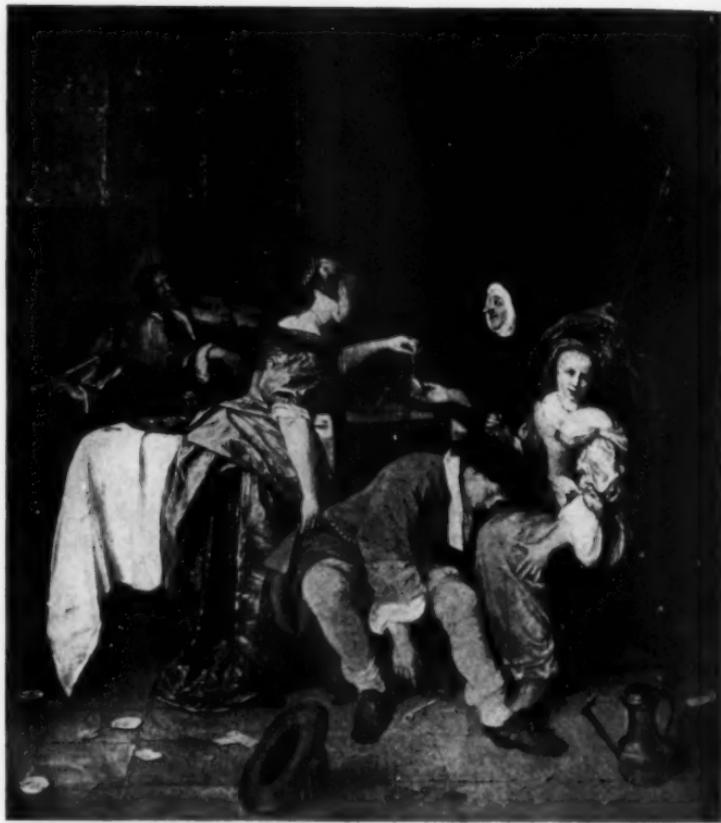
Jan Steen, the son of a well-to-do brewer, was born in Leyden in 1626 and died there in 1679. Although he was a born painter and a diligent worker his pictures brought him only about twenty florins (about \$8) apiece, which was not enough to support his large family. There are stories of an apothecary seizing and selling the unfortunate man's pictures in payment of a small debt for medicines, and of his landlord's accepting three paintings in lieu of rent. To eke out his income, it seems, he leased or owned at different periods in his life two breweries in the neighboring town of Delft. This and the fact that he kept a tavern in his last years was sufficient foundation for early writers to tell stories of his convivial habits, of the jolly painter and of his boon companions. Some authors have gone so far as to assert that he was a habitual drunkard, but one must readily see that the artist who produced the five hundred paintings that have come down to us could not have been a habitual drunkard. His sureness of hand and his clearness of vision are incompatible with such a life.

In Steen's "Bad Company" there may be something of a warning. An ingenuous youth has fallen into what is indeed "bad company!" That it may be seen how high a place this picture holds in the estimation of those most competent to judge, it may not be out of place to quote the dean of American art critics:

"The picture," writes Mr. John C. Van Dyke, "stands for the individual genius of Steen. The theme is certainly not elevating, but one forgets it directly he looks at the manner in which it is portrayed. The character of the drawing is masterful, and that is not



A Tavern Scene, Brouwer.



"Bad Company," by Jan Steen. In the Louvre, Paris.



"The Family Meal," by Jan Steen. In the Louvre, Paris.



"The Feast of St. Nicholas," by Jan Steen. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



"Peasants in an Inn," by Adriaen van Ostade. In the Hague
Museum.



"The School Master," by Adriaen van Ostade. In the Louvre, Paris.



"The Wayside Inn," by Isaak van Ostade. In the Rijks Museum,
Amsterdam.



Le Bénédicité (Grace before Meat), by Nicolas Maes. In the Louvre, Paris.



"The Spinner," by Nicolas Maes. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.

always the case in Steen's pictures. Here he is very sure, very marked in the meaning of his lines, very emphatic in giving bulk and solidity. The limpness of the young man, the half-intoxicated sway of the young woman, the arm of the woman at the left, the clothing, chairs, and floor are superbly characterized. And Steen is just as clever in composition as Ostade, and more varied. He knit and wove objects together in a wonderful woof of tones and colors, until they were all of a piece, united, harmonious. This he has done in 'Bad Company.' And what a splendid color! The richness of the blues, yellows, and reds is relieved against a deeper golden-brown background—the tones all simple, transparent, mellow, admirable in their relationship. Add to this a painting as facile and sure almost as that of Hals, and we have the make-up of as fine a piece of painting as Dutch art has ever shown."

Less carefully drawn, but with equal vivacity and more light-heartedness is "The Family Meal." Here, as often happens in Steen's art, there is too much crowding of figures, not sufficient concentration of attention. He seems to be laughing with humanity and when he laughs at humanity it is without bitterness; like Hogarth he preaches his sermons upon the vanity of human life all the more tellingly because of his evident sympathy and good feeling. Sympathy and good feeling are also shown in his paintings of children. He is so much at home in illustrating the joys and sorrows of childhood that he is acknowledged to excel all his contemporaries in this line. Ostade and the other Dutchmen represent little children who are not only stubby and thick-necked, but stolid and expressionless as well. Such a picture as "The Festival of St. Nicholas" shows Steen's understanding of the child nature. The festival of St. Nicholas is celebrated in Holland on the sixth of December, and on the eve of this holy day the children hang up their shoes and stockings, and the good children are rewarded with gifts of toys and cakes, while the bad boys and girls receive only a rod. The picture which is herewith reproduced is supposed to represent the family of the painter. His father and mother are in the background; in the foreground to the right his wife is holding out her hands to the happy child, who is laden with gifts, while the older sister in the background is presenting their big brother with a bunch of rods in a shoe, and the younger brother is pointing roguishly at him. Steen was an uneven painter, often falling

below his best, but judged by his many successes in his long list of five hundred pictures he is the unapproachable master among the Little Dutchmen for variety, for dramatic gifts, for invention, and for knowledge of character, high and low.

It should be noted that some of these genre painters really belong in two or three classes. Metsu and Gerard Dou were painters of the peasantry and distinguished portraitists as well, but for convenience Dou was brought in as Rembrandt's pupil. Another of Rembrandt's pupils who was also an important portraitist was Nicholas Maes, but as his most charming work consists of his paintings of peasant women he has his place in this article. He was born in 1632 and died in 1693. He was a born genius, for only a genius could have painted at sixteen years of age "Le Bénédité" (Grace before Meat), a masterpiece of drawing painting, and feeling. Two years after this accomplishment he went to Rembrandt for three years of study. He then devoted himself to portraiture without producing any masterpiece. It is therefore not his portraits but such subjects as "Grace before Meat" and "The Spinner" which have given him distinction. While one may easily perceive a certain Rembrandt quality in these works yet their own unique qualities of color and feeling save them from being in any way imitative. For no master has portrayed old age with greater charm and suggestion of contentment.

Even after so cursory a view of Dutch art one can see that other nations have produced as great schools of landscape and portrait painting, that Italy and France have done the best in mural painting, but that only the Little Dutchmen of the seventeenth century have raised the painting of domestic scenes to the dignity of a national form of expression, and it is they who gave such varied expression to the life of their people that they still remain the greatest school of genre painters the world has ever seen.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

See Histories of Dutch Painting (General Bibliography).

As for the painters of last month's article, the following books are specially recommended:

Sir Walter Armstrong's "The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting."

Cole and Van Dyke's "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters." Chapters on Jan Steen and Nicholas Maes.

"The Figure Painters of Holland," by Lord Ronald Gower (in series of "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists").

"The Art of the Netherland Galleries," by David C. Preyer. This is the last volume in the series entitled "The Art Galleries of Europe," and has been announced and published since the first of these articles were written. The author, who is a Dutchman, has taken advantage of the fact that most of the pictures in the galleries described are by Dutch artists, and by following the chronological order has been able to make of his hand book a history of Dutch painting. Many illustrations enhance the value of the book.

Masters in Art on Jan Steen and Nicholas Maes. 20 cents each.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. 5 vols. \$6.00 per vol. Useful as reference book. May be seen in most libraries. Other biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias may be consulted for any of the Dutch painters. Bryan's Dictionary is one of the best; but its articles are of uneven merit. Some are excellent, others too short and inadequate.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

All the painters mentioned in the article of this month are represented in the little penny pictures (The University Prints). Among them are three examples of Brouwer's work, including the Munich "Gamesters Quarreling in an Inn," referred to above. See note on "Illustrations" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, September, 1908, page 84.

All the painters who have been mentioned in these articles, with the exception of Brouwer, may be studied in public and private galleries in the United States. An example of Brouwer in America is unknown to the writer.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READINGS
WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS
MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading, pages 178-248.)

Famous European Short Stories*

Adoption

By François Coppée

FOR twenty years Jean Vignol has been writing continued stories for the popular newspapers, stories filled, as it was proper they should be, with assassinations and children exchanged for one another in their cradles. In his specialty he was no worse than his rivals. If you are ever dangerously ill—which Heaven forfend!—and if you know not how to while away the wearisome hours of a long convalescence read the “Mysteries of Menilmontant,” a story of not more than twenty-five thousand lines. In it you will find all the customary ingredients of the literary cuisine I refer to.

The beginning is startling, especially where the scoundrelly Duke of Vieux-Donjon, on coming out of the opera, goes down into a sewer, where he has a rendezvous with an escaped convict of his acquaintance, who is to hand over to him papers which would be fatal to the happiness of the beautiful Marquise des Deux-Poivrières, who was exchanged in her cradle and so is not really the daughter of a Spaniard of high rank, as all the Faubourg Saint-Germain believes, but of a poor cabinet-maker who was condemned to death in consequence of a legal error, and guillotined in the place of the very convict who has made the uncomfortable and subterranean appointment with the Duke.

You see from this simple illustration that Jean Vignol perfectly understood his calling. And yet the poor fellow was not a success. He had great difficulty in placing his copy and made a miserable livelihood; in the first place, he had bad luck, and besides he was retiring, timid, and did not know how to push, to make his way in the crowd after the American fashion.

Of course he had not begun by writing serials. He still

*Reprinted from “Tales for Christmas,” by François Coppée, through the courtesy and by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston. .

kept hidden away in a drawer the two works of his youth which were written at the time when he still had all his hair, together with ambition and belief in his art. Now he no longer hoped that they would ever see the light of day. One was a volume of Elegies, *Fleurs de Poison*, in which the poet complained of the faithlessness of a young person whom he designated by the romantic pseudonym of Fragoletta and whom he compared to all the lovely women celebrated in song from the most distant antiquity to the present day; although in the cold light of reality the lady's name had been Agatha and she herself a florist's errand girl. The other manuscript, which was more voluminous, contained a horrific drama of the Middle Ages, throughout which persons with hoods and pointed shoes reciprocally attacked one another with two-handed swords and never-ending tirades.

Unfortunately, dramas in verse are not edible and *fleurs de poison* cannot even be used like nasturtiums to adorn a salad. So he had to live up five flights in a little lodging in Belleville which he occupied with his mother, who was crippled with rheumatism and who groaned from morning till night. In order to earn, oh, ever so little money, the poet became a writer of popular stories, just as a would-be artist often takes to photography. Gently and submissively he accepted this work and took great pains with it, as we have said, but without success. It was natural enough, after all, for he was lacking in conviction, in sincerity; he did not take seriously enough his marquises with guillotined cabinet-makers for fathers, and his dukes, who, in fur coats and white cravats, went to walk in sewers.

The editor of the *Petit Proletaire*, who published his tiresome tales, said to him bluntly, "My dear sir, one feels that you don't believe in them;" he therefore paid him very little. The poor fellow, who felt himself superior to such work, suffered and often sighed. But to what purpose? It was his fate, and in order to make the kettle boil he wore himself out inventing more and more extravagant adventures.

At one time, for example, he was two whole quarters behind in his rent, and would have had notice to leave if he had not at the last moment obtained an advance from the editor of the *Petit Proletaire*, who was attracted by a story of which the following is a synopsis of the first installment: "A musician belonging to the Ambigu orchestra, who was really, without suspecting it, the bastard son of an English peer, goes home after the performance and discovers a skeleton in the case of his 'cello.—Continued in our next."

As long as his mother was alive, Jean Vignol, who was a model of filial devotion, had found enough to live for. But during the two years since he had been left alone, with no relatives, few friends, and the habits of a recluse, he found life in his lofty quarters very dull.

He was now a man of forty-seven, with the beginnings of a corporation, a big black beard, a Socratic nose, kindly eyes, and just a topknot of hair on a head that was otherwise quite bald. As his health was not good and his stomach only second-rate, he had even had to give up the consolations of tobacco. Never had the commonplace characters in his tales, the kid-gloved assassins, the virtuous working girls, abused and abandoned by low, cowardly aristocrats, the generous young engineers who, on leaving school, succeed in their work to the extent of obtaining the most honorable decorations and the hand of the young person so often in the course of the story menaced with the most terrible calamities,—never, I say, had all the puppets of his melodramatic show seemed more tiresome to him. The poor chap was actually beginning to hate his means of livelihood.

"The deuce!" said he to himself one Christmas eve, as he slowly toiled up to the fifth floor, for he was beginning to be a little asthmatic, "the deuce! The editor now finds that my last plot lacks excitement. I shall have to resuscitate Bouffe-Toujours, the convict, whom I had fall off the Eiffel Tower last week, and furnish him some more victims. Yet even my readiness to oblige will not induce him to raise my pay. I'm tired of it all."

When he got to his room he had various minor annoyances. After a melancholy glance at his pipe-rack, Jean Vignol discovered that his coke fire, which had been well covered with cinders before he went out, was completely extinguished. Before he could light it he had to rake it all out, soiling his hands; his lamp needed a new wick, and then he found that there were but two matches in his box.

"Shades of the dead!" he exclaimed; "I should be in a pretty fix if my fire or my lamp should go out again, for I must spend the night reviving the old convict. But five flights to go down and to come up again for a few matches! I'd rather borrow them of my neighbor."

This neighbor was Mother Mathieu, a poor old woman whose daughter had lately died of childbirth after having been deserted by her husband. The little one was five months old, and the grandmother was bringing up the child by hand. There was real poverty in that wretched room. Vignol, who was a kind man, had occasionally dropped in and left them a small piece of silver, although he had not any too much for himself.

He knocked. "Good-evening, Mother Mathieu. Can you give me a few matches?"

He paused in astonishment on the threshold. By the light of a candle-end the old woman crouched upon the floor, had rolled up and was tying her only mattress. The child was asleep in a wicker cradle near an old bedstead of painted wood.

"Why, Mother Mathieu, what are you doing?"

"You see for yourself, Monsieur Vignol," replied the old woman, whimpering. "I am going to take this to the Mont de Piété, and I must hurry, for the office closes at eight o'clock. They will give me ten francs for it. It is good wool."

"What! Your only mattress?"

"I must. My eldest sister, a widow, too, the one who lives at Lilas and does cleaning, has taken to her bed, and they won't have her at a hospital because she has an incurable disease. So I must help her a little. She has been good

to me. I can sleep a few days on straw; it won't kill me. For I hope to get my mattress back again when pay-day comes. It's the little one that troubles me. It will take me at least an hour to go to the Mont de Piété and to my sister's. I generally give him to the concierge, who is a good woman. But tonight is Christmas Eve, and they are having a family dinner; they are singing now over their dessert. What can I do with the child?"

Jean Vignol's eyes were filled with tears. "Don't, Mother Mathieu. Keep your bed. I still have fifteen francs. Here are ten of them. Run to your sister; and as for the child, leave him with me. He is sleeping like a good fellow; he won't hinder me in my work. Besides, if he begins to make music, I shall not mind rocking and feeding him."

It was the old woman's turn to feel pleased. "Oh, my good kind Monsieur Vignol!" The cradle was placed near the author's writing-table, and Mother Mathieu departed, muttering benedictions. Left alone with the child, Vignol chuckled, as he said to himself, "Here I am installed as dry nurse!"

Quite cheered up by his kind deed, he seated himself near his lamp, and took up his pen. For, hang it! he dared not forget that tomorrow morning he must send his chapter to the printer. The whole story was modified by the resurrection of Bouffe-Toujours. The story-teller was in high spirits. His convict, thrown from the second platform of the Eiffel Tower by an elegant scoundrel, a Viscount descended from the Crusaders and a member of the Jockey Club, catches an iron bar as he falls, and climbs up to a support with the agility of a marmoset. On the day after tomorrow, he will stab three policemen. I hope now that the subscribers will be supplied with emotions.

Suddenly the baby begins to cry. Jean Vignol, amused at his new function, takes up the bottle and gives it to the child, not so very awkwardly either for a beginner, then rocks him and puts him to sleep again.

But he does not go back to his table. He stands quietly

looking at the poor little thing lying there on the pillow with its tiny cunning hands clasped on its breast.

Cradles! Children! How often he had used them in his absurd stories! How stupid they all seemed to him at this moment, all those improbable tales of children stolen or substituted for one another! A child! Here was the real thing, an orphan, a child of poverty! What was to become of him? The grandmother was old; worn out with toil and privation, she would not last long. Then he would be one of those unfortunates brought up by the thousands by public charity, and who almost always turn out badly. From their number is recruited the army of evil-doers, of future convicts. This poor little urchin, what does life hold in reserve for him? Life, a romance of mystery which grows more incomprehensible with each number and whose uniform ending affords no clue to the problem! Jean Vignol falls into a mournful reverie. The poet he dreamed of being when he was young, is not quite dead. Remembering that tomorrow will be Christmas, he thinks, as he stands before the cradle, of the Child who slept upon straw in the stable of Beth'le-hem. He came into the world to command that men should love one another; and yet, the churches where this doctrine is preached have abounded in the land for two thousand years, evil and poverty still exist alongside of them. The materially and morally abandoned child, the child destined by a sort of social fatality to vice and crime, there is a subject for the book Jean Vignol ought to write, pouring into it all the charity, all the tenderness, all the indignation, all the wrath, that is in his heart. But of what is he thinking—Jean Vignol has no talent, never has had; he knows it well. And if at this moment he is choked by tears, they are shed over the misfortunes of this poor child as well as over his own disabilities.

The door opens. In comes Mother Mathieu, quite out of breath. How tired and feeble she seems, and how worn her face, with its multitudinous wrinkles, looks in its black woolen head-dress!

The good fellow gives way to the desire which has taken hold of him during the last few moments.

"Listen, Mother Mathieu; I have been thinking during your absence. While my mother lived I earned enough for two. Now I want to take you in; will you come? You shall look after the house and I will help you with the little one."

The poor woman gives a little cry as she falls upon a chair and covers her face with her hands. As the child, waking up with a start, begins to moan, Jean Vignol takes him from his cradle, looks closely at him, and presses on his soft tender cheek a paternal kiss.

But that is not all. Do you know that Jean Vignol's generous conduct proved very advantageous to himself? He continued of course to serve the same kind of stuff to his special public, and yet there is in his last story, "The Orphan of Belleville," a certain something not to be found in the others, and which made even the grisettes sob. The circulation of the *Petit Proletaire* increased, as did also the author's pay.

The story was reproduced in several provincial sheets; and when, not long ago, Jean Vignol went to pay his dues at the Society of Authors, he had the joy of his life. The most illustrious, the foremost novelist of his time touched him on the shoulder as they stood side by side at the desk, saying "Monsieur Vignol, I have read two or three of your stories lately and find in them touches about children that are extremely fine, sincere, affecting."

The poor man blushed up to his ears.

"I thank you, my dear master," he replied, stammering with pleasure. "It is because—you see—now—when I write anything about children—I am working from nature."

German Songs and Song Writers in the Struggle With Napoleon

By M. Wilma Stubbs.

THE years 1806-13 are a dark page in German history. The victories of Jena and Auerstadt had cast the spell of Napoleon's genius over the kingdom of the Great Frederick. With half her lands torn from her, her taxation enormously increased to support foreign troops, her commerce blockaded, and her means of defense taken away, little national life was left to Germany.

The disastrous retreat from Moscow, however, furnished the opportunity for which all patriotic Germans had been waiting. A coalition was formed with Russia, England, and Sweden, and on the third of February, 1813, came the memorable call to arms. It was answered as only the loyal sons of the Fatherland could answer it. Officers gave up their salaries, and women brought their savings to fit out companies of volunteers. Patriotism became contagious.

It is to this period of stress that German literature owes some of its most popular lyrics. These songs, glowing with patriotism, went ringing through the land. Sung everywhere, by old and young, rich and poor, they were a mighty rallying force. It is indeed almost impossible to estimate the importance of the part they played in Germany's struggle for freedom.

There is perhaps no finer example of this patriotic spirit than the martyr-poet, Theodor Körner. Nor is it difficult for us today to understand how the springs of this patriotism were fed. Körner's father counted among his intimate friends the poet Schiller, and it was in the garden-house of the Körner villa at Lösschwitz that "Don Carlos" was completed. No wonder then that the boy grew up with the same hope for a united Germany which we find so often expressed in Schiller's writings but which

neither poet was destined to live to see fulfilled. Of the home life and its influence upon the lad we may judge from Arndt's brief but suggestive description of the elder Körner. "Körner was an eminent man," he writes, "highly educated and very scientific, equal in knowledge to the best German scholars, and superior to most in faithful devotion to his country."

At the outbreak of the struggle Körner was living in Vienna. Although only twenty-two, he was already an author of promise and had been appointed poet of the court-theater. Despite these brilliant prospects, Körner thus wrote to his parents. "Germany is about to rise. The Prussian eagle by the beating of its mighty wings arouses once more in all true hearts the hope for German liberty. My soul sighs for the Fatherland. Let me prove myself her worthy son. I must forth and oppose my breast to the raging storm. What! shall I be content to sing my comrades' triumphs?"

He at once enlisted in Lützow's free corps, and who can tell how largely it was due to his battle songs and to his own inspiring and helpful presence that this corps became the terror of the enemy? It had been with the solemn words of his hymn "Dem Herrn allein die Ehre" (To God alone the Glory) sounding in their ears that the soldiers had gone forth from the consecration service in the little church at Rogau, and it was to the battle cry of his "Wilde Jagd" that the fearless deeds of the "black troopers" were performed in the days that followed. With the prophetic vision of the poet he seems to have foreseen the fate which awaited him.

"Ye friends that love us look up with glee.
The night is scattered, the dawn we see,
Though we with our life's blood have gained it."

His leisure moments were all spent in pouring forth in verse the love of Fatherland, and these songs, set to popular airs, were sung about the camp fires at night, stirring in the hearts of his soldier comrades a patriotic zeal that sent them undaunted into the midst of the enemy.

He had risen to the rank of adjutant to the commander of the corps when he was treacherously wounded at Kitzen, but succeeded in escaping and recovered for a few more months of service. Returning to battle only to fall in a skirmish near Gadebusch, he served his Fatherland perhaps even more truly in dying than he could have done in life. His comrades gathered about his bier and swore to avenge the country he died to save. Over his grave near Wöbelin has been erected a monument of iron with the design of a lyre and sword and upon the oak which overshadows it are these words from one of his own poems.

"Forget not the loyal dead."

One of his most famous songs and one that still inspires the German soldier, "Das Schwertlied," was composed only a few hours before his death, and it is said that he was reading it to a friend when the call to battle came. It is written in the form of a dialogue between himself and his faithful sword, which he addresses as his bride. We will give it in part.

"Wohlauf, ihr kecken Streiter,
Wohlauf, ihr deutschen Reiter,
Wird Euch das Herz nicht warm?
Nehm't's Liebchen in den Arm.

Nun lasst das Liebchen singen,
Dass helle Funken springen,
Der Hochzeitmorgen graut,
Hurrah, du Eisenbraut!"

Then forward, valiant fighters!
And forward, German riders!
And when the heart grows cold,
Let each his love enfold.
Hurrah!

Now let the loved one sing;
Now let the clear blade ring,
Till the bright sparks shall fly,
Heralds of victory!
Hurrah!

—*From the translation of Lord F. H. Gower.*

To another poet, Ernst Moritz Arndt, Germany is indebted for her national song, "The German Fatherland." His service, though spared the tragic ending of Körner's was no less self-sacrificing. Instead of leading him to the battle-field, it forced him into exile and separation from the little son doubly dear for his own sake and the mother's of whose life the boy had been the price.

A native of the island of Rügen, which was then a dependency of Sweden, Arndt's early loyalty was divided between that country and Germany and it was not until after the disasters of 1805-6 that he definitely chose his fatherland. "My Swedish predilections," he writes of that time, "were once and forever dead. The Swedish heroes were nothing any more to me but legends of the past. When Germany through its discords had fallen to nothing, I recognized its true unity." Henceforth the Fatherland had no more devoted servant than this modest but able poet-patriot.

In 1806 Arndt, who for some time had been connected with the ancient university of Greifswald, received the appointment of professor extraordinary of philosophy; but the publication soon after of the first part of the "Geist der Zeit" (Spirit of the Age), which was, as he says, "an expression of manly anger at the destruction of German and European honor and freedom," and the influx of foreign troops made it unsafe for him to remain longer in Germany, and he fled to Sweden.

During the years of his exile which were spent in Russia, he was the trusted assistant and confidant of Stein in the gigantic efforts of the latter for the reorganization of the administration and resources of the Fatherland. True statesman that he was, Stein realized the need of an appeal to the emotional nature in breaking the spell which Napoleon's seemingly unconquerable genius had cast over Europe. "Herr Arndt," he says in announcing to the Emperor Alexander the poet's arrival in St. Petersburg, "must be immediately employed in composing songs and writings which may be distributed among the Germans to

correct their ideas and to inspire them with enthusiasm," Nor were Stein's expectations disappointed. Pamphlets, poems, and songs followed each other in quick succession.

It was, however, the Wars of Liberation that called forth his most popular and lasting lyrics. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow occurred in the late autumn of 1812 and in the first days of January, 1813, Stein left St. Petersburg, taking Arndt with him. With the severity of the Russian winter, the primitive means of travel, and the scenes of horror which the retreating army had left along its line of march, we can imagine the journey as far from pleasant for Arndt even though it meant a return to the land of his adoption.

The remainder of the winter was spent in Königsberg, the capital of Old Prussia, and it was here that his immortal lyric, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" was composed. Arndt thus modestly and briefly chronicles the success of this poem. "It was here in the midst of the universal excitement which was driving the whole nation to combat, that my "Song of the German Fatherland" sprang into existence, which has been sung in later days in Germany, but at last probably, like other songs, will have had its day." Despite this modest prophecy it is still, after the lapse of nearly a century, one of the favorite songs of the united German nation and vies in popularity with the "Wacht am Rhein." So familiar is the poem that we need recall only a few of its stanzas.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Preussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's, wo am Rhein die Rebe glüht?
Ist's, wo am Belt doe Möwe ziet?
O nein, O nein, O nein!

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne endlich mir das Land?
"So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt!"
Das soll es sein!
Das, wackrer Deutscher, soll es sein!

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott, vom Himmel sich' darein,
Und gieb uns echten deutschen Mut,
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut.
Das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Schwabia? Is't the Prussians's land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic brine?
O, no! more great, more grand,
Must be the German's Fatherland.

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land.
"Where 'er resounds the German tongue,
Where 'er its hymns to God are sung."
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy Fatherland!

All Germany, then, the land shall be;
Watch o'er it, God and grant that we
With German hearts in deed and thought
May love it truly as we ought.
Be this the land—
All Germany shall be the land!

From translation by A. Baskerville.

Not long after this appeared the little volume "Songs for Soldiers," which contains many of his most famous war lyrics. One of these "Der Gott de Eisen wachsen liess" so well expresses the spirit of the time that we quote its opening stanza.

"The God who made the iron ore
Will have no man a slave;
To arm the man's right hand for war
The sword and the spear he gave.
And he gives to us a daring heart,
And for burning words the breath
To tell the foeman that we fear
Dishonor more than death."

Many of his songs were modeled upon earlier popular songs. Thus in his description of the battle of Leipzig he

uses the form of the old German gleemen's songs, alternate questions and answers of one waiting for news from the battle and the courier who has brought the tidings.

"Whence cometh thou in thy garments red?
Soiling the hue of the green grass plain?"
"I come from the field where brave men bled,
Red from the gore of the knightly slain,
Repelling the crash of the fierce assailing;
Mothers and brides may be sorely wailing,
For I am red."

"Speak, comrade, speak, and tell me true,
How call ye the land of the fateful fight?"
"At Leipzig the murd'rous fierce review
Dimmed with full tear-drops many a sight;
The balls like winter snowflakes flying,
Stifled the breath of thousands dying,
By Leipzig town."

"And who in the strife won the hard-fought day,
And who took the prize with iron hand?"
"God scattered the foreigner like the sea-spray,
God drove off the foreigner like the light sand;
Many thousands cover the green-sward lying,
The rest like hares to the four winds flying,
With Napoleon, too."

"God bless thee, comrade, thank thee well,
A tale is this the full heart to cheer,
Sounds like a cymbal of heaven swell,
A story of strife and a story of cheer.
Leave the widows and brides to their wail of sorrow,
We'll sing a glad song for full many a morrow,
Of the Leipzig fight."

From Seeley's Life of Arndt.

Among other poets of this time may be mentioned Friedrich Rückert, whose career opened with the publication in 1814 of the war-songs entitled "Sonnets in Armor," and Max von Schenkendorf, who, though having the use of but one arm, enlisted at the call of his country, fighting valiantly at the battle of Leipzig. One of Schenkendorf's poems, the "Rhine Song" is in part as follows:

"The sound how clearly ringing
Of that dear old German name!
'T is heard where men are singing
To spread abroad the fame
Of one whose ancient line is royal
A king to whom all hearts are loyal;
It cheers the heart like wine
To hear that name—the Rhine!"

But he whose name stands first on the roll of Germany's illustrious poets and whose command reads "Ehret die Leider" (Honor the Song)—how shall we account for his strange silence throughout all this time of struggle? Shall we say that its only explanation is to be found in Goethe's admiration for the greatness of Napoleon's genius, and in the hopelessness with which he viewed any attempt to break the almost magical power of the Emperor. It is true that Arndt quotes Goethe as saying "Shake your fetters if you will; you cannot break them. The man is too great for you." But shall we not also remember that Goethe is the apostle of an aesthetic universality; that in his thought "science and art belong to the world, and the barriers of nationality vanish before them?" Yet he is loyal to his country believing in the future of its people. "But the right time," he says, "no human eye can foresee, no human power hasten on. To us it is given, everyone according to his talents, inclinations, and position to increase, strengthen, and spread general culture." And thus it comes about that while Arndt and Körner are fighting out with sword and pen the issues of nationalism, Goethe, in accordance with his talents and inclinations, is engaged in writing the "Westöstlicher Divan" songs in the cause of a more widespread culture.

The value which the Germans place upon the work of those who responded so nobly in the hour of the nation's need is attested by the various memorials which are destined to keep alive the memory of their heroic deeds. Thus in the Körner museum at Dresden the visitor is shown the lyre and sword which in the hand of the poet

became so great a force in the accomplishment of freedom, and, more valuable still, the very note-book, blood-stained, in which his war-songs were written for the inspiration of his comrades of the battlefield. Here, too, is the portrait, painted upon ivory, of her whom Körner had chosen to be his bride, the fair Antonie Adamberger. At both Dresden and Leipzig the anniversaries of the poet's birth and death are celebrated every year by the reproduction of his "Toni," "Rosamunde," and "Zriny." To Arndt, "the Blücher of German lyrics," statues have been created at Schoritz, his birthplace, and at Bonn, where he lies buried under an oak tree planted by his own hands. But the most lasting memorial of all is to be found in the devotion of Germany's sons and daughters to the memory of her poets, and in the popularity which many of these songs still enjoy. For

"As far as sounds the German tongue
And German hymns to God are sung,"

so far the names of these heroic singers are known and honored.



A Dutch Poetess: *Tesselschade Visscher*

ONE does not usually associate the housewives of Holland with literary pursuits. Their genius would seem to be largely domestic, exemplifying Kaiser William's epigram that the sphere of woman should embrace, to the exclusion of all other interests, Kirche, Kuchen, and Kinder—church, cookery, and children. Yet there was once a period in Dutch literary history when talented poetesses were not unknown, singers who combined decorous versifying with the careful fulfillment of household duties. Of such was Tesselschade Visscher, born in 1594 and dying in 1649, the friend of virtually all the great writers who flourished in Holland during the first half of the seventeenth century, Hooft, Huyghens, Barlaeus and Vondel, and the center and hostess of a delightful group that embraced all that was best of the artistic genius and social refinement in the noblest period of Dutch history.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his volume "The Literature of Northern Europe" has devoted an essay to the celebration of the admirable Tesselschade, not in truth, by reason alone of her literary merit, but because she was in a sense the inspiration of the best minds of her time, the adoration of poets, who celebrated her in their verses and vainly importuned her to marriage. From this group of admirers it is impossible to disassociate her; nor in a review of the literary triumphs of her day is it desirable to consider individuals separately: all were linked in the common purpose of creating a Dutch literature; united they express the renascence of letters in their age.

In youth *Tesselschade Visscher* was favored of the gods. From her father she inherited a pronounced literary bent; she was born to wealth and position; and she was, as well, beautiful in body, and in disposition, charming. Born in 1594, the youngest of three daughters, *Tesselschade* came to maturity in the most gracious period of Dutch history, the time of peace which followed upon the long struggle with Spain, a time when Holland was one of the most powerful nations of Europe, rich, successful, and full of vigor, which, temporarily turned from the pursuits of war, was directed largely into artistic channels. This is the flowering time of Dutch art, not only in painting, though the period is that of the greatest triumphs of Dutch painters, but, as well, in literature.

Her father, *Roemer Visscher*, poet, was one of a group which sought by the study of the classics, to which the Renaissance had stirred the interest of the cultured classes, to stimulate the growth of a national literature. *Tesselschade* grew up, therefore, in a studious and accomplished society and was doubly fortunate in witnessing and participating in the literary revival which her father and his friends had, by their enthusiasm for classical literatures, inspired in the young writers of the day.

As may readily be imagined the three gifted daughters of *Roemer Visscher* were educated far beyond the needs of girls dedicated to a merely domestic career. It is recorded by a contemporary that they "were practised in very sweet accomplishments: they could play music, paint, write, and engrave on glass, make poems, cut emblems, embroider all manner of fabrics, and swim well, which last thing they had learned in their father's garden, where there was a canal with water, outside the city." They were not, however, trained to read Latin and were remarkably free from all pedantic affectations. The evidence goes to show that they were all sensible, gifted, and attractive girls, *Tesselschade*, the youngest, surpassing her sisters in genius and beauty.

The family lived in Amsterdam and their home was a

social and artistic center. Among their friends and frequent visitors was Pieter Hooft a young Italianate Dutchman who wrote pastoral poetry after the classical manner. His early poetry is said not to exhibit characteristically Dutch qualities for it is overimitative, but he is said to remind the English reader of Spenser, the poet who was almost his contemporary. Vondel, destined to become the greatest of Dutch poets, the dramatist to whom Milton was indebted for many fine passages of "Paradise Lost," was also an early friend of the family, becoming, it may be, years afterward when he was a widower and Tesselschade a widow, the unsuccessful suitor for her hand. Brederoo, rough and unpolished but highly gifted, one of the greatest of Dutch dramatists, was also one of the circle, as, too, were Jan Starter, a lyric poet of English descent, Laurens Reael, a poet who became a famous colonial governor, and Samuel Coster, a dramatist, writer of comedies and farces. One further name should be mentioned, that of Constantine Huyghens, a diplomat and poet, who, in the estimation of Mr. Gosse is unrivalled in his mastery of poetic form among the poets of Holland.

These are the chief figures in a group of famous writers who for long periods were intimately associated with the famous sisters. Tesselschade was the queen of the circle. To her laudatory verses were addressed; with her these famous writers corresponded when abroad. She seems to have been, alike, a friend and inspiring genius, a poetic goddess to whom all good works might be worthily inscribed. Nor did Tesselschade's prosaic marriage at the age of thirty to a middle aged, prosperous, and retired seaman destroy these pleasant relations. Her admirers saw rather less of her than formerly but their ardor of admiration appears to have been unquenched.

Tesselschade's poetry is not, says her critic, Mr. Gosse, to be compared with the works of the great poets whom she owned as friends. Yet she was distinctly gifted and the following verses—among her best—admirably translated by

Mr. Gosse, show her to have been a graceful and pleasing writer. The poems are after the sugared manner of pastoral imitations but they are not the less pleasing for their pretty artificiality:

THE COMPLAINT OF PHYLLIS

My sheep, who hunger satisfied
 With fragrant thyme, now turn aside
 To these rose-petals, from my crown;
 They brought their scent to sacrifice,
 And ravished heart and soul with spice,
 Whene'er to dance I was led down.

'Tis better that the blossoms feed
 My lambkins which I, dying lead,
 Than that, undone, dishonored,
 Between my groans and sighs of woe,
 Bathed in my hot tears' burning flow,
 They, faultless, wither on my head.

Ah! chew them small with little nips,
 Innocent flock! but when your lips
 Are weary, and you fall on sleep,
 Muse on the death of my delight,
 That bids me toss in sad despite
 My rosy garland to my sheep.

For you were near when faith and troth
 Philander swore, who breaks them both,
 And lewdly courts another lass!
 For you were near, when his sweet words
 Bound my weak heart, and heaven records
 How tender and how false he was!

Yet health, and not revenge be found!
 Give balsam for my aching wound,
 Give balsam from the heavenly store!
 But if revenge your will decree,
 O gods, chastise, but let it be
 The prick of conscience, and no more.

My sorrow, sure, will make him burn,
 My passion to his passion turn,
 His passion turned again to me;
 And so, once more, as once hath been,
 No happier pair on earth be seen
 Then Phyllis and Philander be.

I. THE WILD SONGSTER.

Praise thou the nightingale,
 Who with her joyous tale
 Doth make thy heart rejoice,
 Whether a singing plume she be, or viewless winged voice;

Whose warblings, sweet and clear,
 Ravish the listening ear
 With joy, as upward float
 The throbbing liquid trills of her educated throat;

Whose accent pure and ripe
 Sounds like an organ pipe,
 That holdeth divers songs,
 And with one tongue alone sings like a score of tongues.

The rise and fall again
 In clear and lovely strain
 Of her sweet voice and shrill,
 Outclamours with its song the singing springing rill.

A creature whose great praise
 Her rarity displays,
 Seeing she only lives
 A month in all the year to which her song she gives.

But this thing sets the crown
 Upon her high renown,
 That such a little bird as she
 Can harbour such a strength of clamorous harmony.

II. THE TAME SONGSTER.

But, wild-wood songster, cease!
 Draw breath and hold thy peace!
 Thy notes make no sweet noise
 That can compete for tone with Rosamunda's voice,

Who hath so dear an art
 Of whispering to the heart
 In measured plaintive sobs,
 That, bound in friendship's net, like a snared bird it throbs.

Whose cunning voice instils
 Deep wisdom, while it fills
 The minds of those who hear,
 And makes the soul leap up into the listening ear.

In moanings low she dies,
And then with tender sighs,
In amorous soft conceits
A world of various tongues she nimbly counterfeits.

No weariness we know,
Though from her throat may flow
Much song; new pleasures high
Still charm the insatiate ear with each fresh harmony.

Here rare rapture lives
That fitful music gives;
No feathered song so gay
As this, that summer gives nor winter takes away.

The latter years of Tesselschade's life do not read so happily as those of her admired youth and amiable middle age. Her friends were always faithful to her; she never altered in their esteem. But family misfortune and, as well, the ravages of time in the circle of her intimates, darkened her last days. Her husband and eldest daughter died suddenly of smallpox in 1634, leaving her alone but for her young daughter. During the years of widowhood which followed she sought consolation by writing and translating poetry and did at this period some of her best literary work. Her style, it is said, shows in this later work the influence of Vondel with whom she was intimately acquainted. Despite his love for her, however, she remained single. Nor could the entreaties of other woers, of whom there seem to have been several, prevail upon her to alter her way of life.

In 1642 her friend Reael died; another friend, the poet and historian Hooft, died in 1647; Barlaeus the poet, a former suitor for her hand, died in 1648. Shortly after, her beautiful daughter died and Tesselschade did not long survive, dying in 1649. Of the great writers who make this period, the first half of the seventeenth century, famous above all others in the history of Dutch literature, but three lingered long on the scene. Jacob Cats died in 1660; Vondel in 1679, Huyghens in 1687.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

WE withdraw from the circle of friends, from the cares of the house, from the demands of business that we may first of all command ourselves, commune with ourselves, and in the silence and solitude attempt to commune with God.

This degree of self-control is of inestimable importance. Without it there can be little hope of access to God. The eye of the astronomer must be fixed at the opening of the glass through which he would gaze upon the star in the far off heaven. He must hold still. There must be no wavering, no trembling, no throb of curiosity to look elsewhere. And so with the soul that would look by faith into the depths of Deity.

This preparatory act of one who truly desires to worship is the first as it is the most important step to be taken in the approach to the invisible Deity. Therefore the inestimable value of actual retirement into a place of absolute silence. "Enter into thy closet," said the Master. "Shut thy door....Pray to thy Father in secret." Sometimes men who have perfect self-command may be absolutely alone in a crowd. This power of abstraction has its value. It may be cultivated. We know people who have mastered the secret of self-withdrawal and concentration. But this self control is exceptional, and the most of us who would be alone with God must literally withdraw from the bustle of business, the activities of the world and the presence of other personalities, and in the secret place of prayer prepare to think of God as here and now present.

And this is the second step in the act of prayer: The realization of the divine presence. As the atmosphere is here and now present so really is God "in this place." As the light fills the whole sphere of my present horizon so God as Light for the inner life is veritably present. Of

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

this there is no doubt. There must be no doubt. Let me say it over and over: *God* is here. *God is* here. *God is here.* I may really at this time and place become conscious of faith, of the actual immediateness of God. I think the thought. With a measure of faith (perhaps a feeble faith) I accept, I believe, I rest in, I resolve that I *will* rest in the reality of God and the reality of God's presence.

The actual realization of this great reality—God's personal nearness here and now—must be the starting point of all prayer that will prove to be prayer, prayer in earnest, the "prayer of faith." Therefore at this point take time to think, to remember, to reason, to recall and to quote the words of Holy Writ which teach the divine omnipresence.

If one can do no better at this point he may at least assume as a tentative proposition, held by an act of the will, the fact of God and the fact of God's presence here and now. He may risk everything on it and put into words his purpose: *I will* believe that God is now here. *Oh God I will do* here and now open my whole being to *Thee*.

This is an approach to the Diety. It is an honest effort to believe. It is the only thing a man can do who has as yet but a slight faith in the reality and in the nearness of God. This much any man can do. This much every man ought to do. It is the reaching out as of a little child's hand in the dark who is in quest of his father's hand. Would any human Father refuse the outstretched hand to such a pitiful appeal?

You may be positively sure that *God* is no less merciful, loving and eager to help His children who cry out to Him in the darkness.

And now that I am intent on seeking communication with God what is my next step? I am here. God is here. I am feeling after Him. He knows that as really as I know it. He also knows, as I ought to try to know, the motive uppermost and dominant in my mind for seeking Him. O God: Open my inner eyes to see, that I may thoroughly know myself. Open my eyes that I may to some extent realize the fact of my great sinfulness and unworthiness. I

might fill pages with confession of wanderings and wrongs, all of which cast great barriers between my soul and Thee. But what Thou demandest is a loathing and a forsaking of sin. And what Thou hast provided is a most merciful and gentle Saviour in Jesus the Christ. To Him I turn with genuine repentance and with a child-like faith. In Him I *will* rest.

This then I have honestly done: I have confessed my wanderings. Now I will try to forget everything that tends to hide the face of the good God from my gaze. I *will* believe. As God has promised to "forget" so will I seek to forget as I have believed His promise to forgive.

It is neither sane nor safe to be forever dwelling on "the past." It is not well for the pilgrim to the heights to be constantly turning towards the valley he has left and the path he has trodden. His thought and resolve and watch-word must be "*onward.*" Let the past go. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Forget Yesterday. Let your soul turn towards the summits rising yonder into the sunlit sky.

Therefore Thou God of the Future: Receive my prayer. Give me grace to hope and strength to resolve. Fill me with confidence in Thy memory. Help me to see the smile of forgiving love on Thy face, and to feel in my inmost soul the assurance of Thy holy purpose concerning me. I *will* believe. I *will* rest in the exceeding great and precious promises of the Word which Thou hast put on record for my encouragement. Thou mightest have said "I can never forgive one who has dared to deny me, or to forsake me or to forget me for a moment." But Thou hast not said this. Nay, Thou hast rather said "Not until seven times but until seventy times seven." What wonderful words they are, and they are from the lips of no less an authority than Jesus the Christ. A disciple one day said to him "If my brother sin against me seven times shall I forgive him?" It sometimes seems to me, as I recall that question and the Master's answer that Jesus must have smiled with a smile of match-

less grace and beauty as He gave that reply: "Not until seven times but until seventy times seven."

In prayer we must always remember the boundless love and tenderness equal to the almighty of the Lord to whom we pray. On a hot day we go to the hydrant for a drink. A cup is filled and handed to us. But we forget as we drink from the cup the inexhaustible supply stored in the great reservoirs and back of them in the springs and rivers and lakes among the mountains, and above them in the treasures of the clouds and the atmosphere. Thus our God's resources are inexhaustible. And He loves to give and still more He loves to see us *take*.

The greatest peril of a soul is selfishness. One may seek from God gifts of grace to deliver him from unworthy and selfish motives. But our eyes may be turned toward God while our thoughts and desires are at the same time fixed on our own unworthy selves. Wrong motives may sway our lives, create our ideals, and be at the root of even our Religion. Poor mortals we are and even in our devotion we may sing of heaven and live for earth. We may cause our lips to tremble with words of devotion our hearts the meantime intent on self and selfish aims.

It is just here we must begin the conflict. And it is never safe to fancy that we have ended it. And again it is not well to dwell too much on the fact of selfishness. We may not ignore it, but we must not feed self by thinking too much about self.

The safe rule is to turn from our poor human nature to the God of all grace. Forget self. Lose ourselves in God. Think of Him. Recall His attributes, the standards of life He has set before us and the exceeding great and precious promise He has put on record for our encouragement.

He is a wise man who has his appointed hours for devotion, when he forces himself to look well into the motives of his life, to find out what he loves best, to discover his weak points, to accept the criticisms of frank friends who are in the habit of making remarks which are both candid

and correct. Our religion is of little value if it does not discover our weak points and the features of personal character which are out of harmony with religious profession. But it is a very unprofitable type of religious interest if it does not drive us to the God of all grace for strength and inspiration.

It is wonderful to turn the pages of revelation to see what warrant we have from God Himself for going to Him with a childlike confidence asking Him for the things we need. He could not, even we could not put into human language larger offers than in the Holy Scriptures are made to the soul that trusts in God. He gives us *carte blanche*. His promises cover everything we could possibly ask. He fills the pages of the great book with illustrations of historic characters who believing in God have gone to Him, trusted in Him, committed all their ways to Him and have found Him true to His own word.

Let us accustom ourselves to think of the Infinite God as our Father and with a mother's love and fidelity, and we shall have more faith in the doctrine of prayer and shall be encouraged to look directly to God without doubt or challenge.

There is a precious little volume compiled in 1750 by a clergyman in England, the Rev. Samuel Clarke, D. D., with an introduction by the distinguished Dr. Isaac Watts, a volume packed with the "sweet assuring promises of Scripture." The copy which I have was published by Lane & Scott in 1850. It was used by my good and devout mother and I have made it for years a companion. Our Readings for the current month shall be from these choice promises of God. They are as true now as when they were first recorded and we may ourselves experiment with them. It is not necessary to offer any expositions whatever. They are the words of God designed to give souls confidence in Him under all circumstances. Let us, remembering our need and believing in the power and love and trustworthiness of our God, look at these promises, accept them as real and by faith make the treasures they offer our own:

The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. Ps. 84, 11.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness and honor. Prov. 21, 22.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things Rom. 8, 32.

All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cepas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours. Cor. 3, 21, 22.

Godliness is profitable unto all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Tim. 4, 8.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. 6, 33.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe. Prov. 18, 10.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed trusting in the Lord. Psalm 112, 7.

There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. Psalm 130, 4, 8.

He was manifested to take away our sin. John 3, 5.

Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee. Job 22, 27.

Ask and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Matt. 7, 7, 8.

If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts to your children how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him. Matt. 7, 11.

I will be a Father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. 2 Cor. 6, 18.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations forever and ever. Amen. Ephesians 3, 20, 21.

The Promises I have here quoted are about three pages of the little volume collated by Dr. Samuel Clarke. The book itself contains more than 230 pages.

Let us study the promises of the Holy Scriptures more than we have done and let us believe and apply and test them.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.
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What else is wisdom? What of man's endeavor
Or God's high grace so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free to breathe and wait,
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate
And shall not Loveliness be loved forever?—*Euripides.*

Once in a while a reader with, perchance, memories of the spare-the-rod type of school days, seems to revert to old ideals. To such readers anything savoring of school has a flavor of fear about it. There is one beaten track and they must walk in it. Woe to them if they wander. So when they write out the review questions on the year's reading, that nemesis of their childhood, "the correct answer," looms up before them, and fearing to depart from what the book says, whole phrases are laboriously copied from the text book where only a brief statement in their own words was requested. The psychologists are reminding us today that fear is one of our greatest enemies. We are ourselves only as we are free from that fear which dominates. The C. L. S. C. question paper was never intended to usurp the place of the inexorable school master of other days. The Chautauqua reader is a free personality. He reads and thinks and enjoys according to his best light and reason. He is openminded and tries to learn from others, but no one should do his thinking for him. So the review paper says "Consult such helps as you need but use your own language in answer." In other words, this paper is to

help you recall some of the interesting things which you have read. See if you can get the idea and state it in your own words. If so, you may be sure that it is clear to your own mind and that your faculties have been freshened by exercise." Eighty per cent. of answers clearly stated in the reader's own language is infinitely more worth while than one hundred in the words of the book; the eighty have educated him.

THE CLASS OF 1912.

Members of the new class have been organizing Circles and becoming accustomed to their duties as Chautauquans. These, as even the newest Chautauquan knows, are not arduous, and though many 1912's will be "trained in" by old Circles, others will start out on their untried paths alone or in groups and find their way as securely as those earliest of adventurers, the Class of '82, who set sail in 1878. Some of the 1912's at Chautauqua started a Round Robin letter as a means of strengthening their class relationships, and the secretary writes that she hopes soon to give some news of this venture. As suggested in the October magazine, members who would like to belong to a Round Robin group may report to the Treasurer, Miss Julia H. Douglas, 170 West 59th St., New York City. It is interesting to note in the following letters, the spirit in which the members of 1912 are taking up their work:

Columbus, Ohio. I am a member of the 1912 C. L. S. C. Class —The Shakespeare Class, having enrolled last August at Lincoln Park, Kansas. I wish to join one of the Round Robin groups and so am sending in my name, with wishes for the best success of the class as well as the Institution as a whole.

Ladonia, Texas. Last Saturday afternoon at my home I organized a Circle of twelve members, each enthusiastic over taking the four years course. Noticing your request in the Round Table I send my address and would like to join one of the Round Robin groups.

A member of the class writes from Ohio that she spent July and August at Chautauqua, had repeated invitations to become a member, failed to join and then returned home to repent, so her own five dollars and an extra fee for a friend who joins with her have wiped out the



Protestant Church in Mercedes, Argentine Republic.

score. Others hovering on the brink of 1912 might do well to follow her example.



A 1908 CHAUTAUQUAN IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

"With what pleasure I write in reply to your letter of July 7 and should have done so earlier had time permitted. It requires a month for our letters to reach us, and although we grow somewhat accustomed to reading news a month old, we sometimes wonder what is really happening *now*.

"First of all, let me say that it is not the Class of 1911 that can claim me as a member, for I am now awaiting my diploma as a graduate of the present year (1908). For three years prior to my marriage I was a member of the Outlook Circle, Mount Vernon, New York, and the study was doubly interesting because of the delightful meetings we had. This past year's work has been done entirely in South America, as we arrived here in August, 1907, and naturally Chautauqua reading had to suffer because of the time spent in studying Spanish. For the first six months only, we were in Buenos Aires, Mr. Bauman being assistant pastor of the American church there. This is a large church, entirely English, and differing in no way from the churches at home. Buenos Aires is a city of over a million inhabitants, very progressive and modern in every way, with excellent street car system, railways, etc. There is a large English-speaking population (but comparatively few

SOCIAL TIDSKRIFT

Nr. 9.

SEPTEMBER.

1908.

Chautauqua.

I.

Ett folkbildningens centrum.



Fågelperspektiv av Chautauqua.

Bildning står högt i kurs i Förenta Staterna. En varas pris betingas av dess sällsynthet, och bildningens pris sattes under de tider — tider, som i västern ännu icke är förbi — då mänskornas hela kraft fordrades för landets materiella byggande, och den intellektuella utvecklingen nödvändigtvis av de flesta måste försakas. Offret var för mången kännbart, och sälunda se vi fördom nya Englands kolonister, trots en mödosam och oviss nationell existens grunda lärdomsmöten för att åt sina efterkommande bereda boksynthetens fröjer, och i våra dagar fattiga immigranter göra till sina strävandens mål att kunna sända söner och döttrar till högskolor och seminarier. Den kulturblobmstring, som historien lär oss ofelbart följer på en nations enastående materiella framgång, skall helt visst ej uteblif för Amerika. Är det för djärvt att se dess annalkande i den bildningstörst, som härute nätt en omfattning ejjämförligt större än i andra länder, och som nu med en länge undertryckt naturkrafts väldsamhet bryter ut och fordrar tillfredsställelse? Den beundransvärdå biblioteksrörelsen är ett av svaren på detta krav, folkbildningsorganisationen är ett annat. Ty om också de högskolebildades antal i Förenta Staterna är större än i

Americans), and one might easily imagine himself in one of our large cities at home. Dwelling houses, however, are quite different, and lack many of our home comforts. What we missed more than anything was stoves. Although this is a semi-tropical climate it gets decidedly cold and damp in winter, but the houses are built without chimneys or provision of any kind for heating, and with their large, airy rooms and open patios are like refrigerators. People wear their overcoats and wraps from the time they arise until they retire at night!

"In February we were placed in charge of the church at Mercedes, with a Spanish and an English congregation, the latter being very small, as there are very few English residents. You can imagine that it was not easy after six months in the country, to take charge of a Spanish congregation, but it was excellent practice and we soon became accustomed to the Spanish ways and tongue. The attendance at church services Thursdays and Sundays averages about seventy-five and at Sunday school one hundred. We have a pretty little church and a large parsonage, besides a school and orphanage here in Mercedes. I enclose a post card showing the church building. Our Spanish people are almost all poor and many are unable to read and write. Although this is a Catholic country, most of the natives have grown tired of the oppression of the priests and are indifferent to all religion. In June a little boy arrived in our home and there was less time than ever for Chautauqua reading. However, my husband and I both employed some of our spare moments to good advantage in reading the interesting American books and the always interesting magazine, and I have succeeded in finishing my course.

"I have not finished with Chautauqua by any means, however, for I sing its praises whenever and wherever I can. Although there is no field for introducing the work here, I have interested one gentleman, who is now reading some of my books. For the present I must drop out of the great Chautauqua circle, but shall hear of its doings from my sister and cousin, who are still members. May the Circle ever increase and each year give knowledge, inspiration and a broader outlook to more readers, fitting them for greater service in this needy world."

Sincerely yours, LOUISE KESSLER BAUMAN.

CHAUTAUQUA'S MESSAGE TO SWEDEN.

A collection of the various tongues in which Chautauqua's educational ideals have been carried to the ends of the earth would be a good argument for Esperanto. Russia, Japan, Finland, Switzerland, Norway, Italy, and the Dutch of Orange Free State,—each of these countries has

given Chautauqua welcome in its own native tongue. The latest addition to the group is Sweden. The Social Tidskrift, a facsimile of whose first page on Chautauqua is here given is a government publication designed to bring before the people important questions relating to education and social institutions, in all parts of the world. The present article by the editor, Herr G. H. von Koch, is the outcome of his visit to Chautauqua last summer when he and Mrs. von Koch were fortunately able to time their visit so as to be at Chautauqua on Recognition Day.



A 1909 POINT OF VIEW.

Now that the year has actually changed its name, the members of the Class of 1909 will realize anew that their four years' goal is not so very far ahead. "Yes, I am planning to be at Chautauqua," writes a member from Tennessee, "and shall bring with me several friends from this part of the country to swell the ranks of our glorious Dante Class on graduation Day. What an event in our lives this will be. But we do not mean to stop here. We recognize the helpful character of the C. L. S. C. and will be ready for another four years reading to begin with 1909."



SOME OF MONTAIGNE'S PHILOSOPHY. DO YOU AGREE WITH IT?

- Our minds are never at home, but ever beyond home.
- I will take care, if possible, that my death shall say nothing that my life has not said.
- Life in itself is neither good nor bad: It is the place of what is good or bad.
- Knowledge should not be stuck on to the mind, but incorporated in it.
- Irresolution seems to me the most common and apparent vice of our nature.
- Age wrinkles the mind more than the face.
- Habit is a second nature.
- Hunger cures love.
- It is easier to get money than to keep it.
- Anger has often been the vehicle of courage.
- It is more difficult to command than to obey.
- A liar should have a good memory.
- Ambition is the daughter of presumption.
- To serve a prince, you must be discreet and a liar.
- We learn to live when life has passed.

We are all richer than we think, but we are brought up to go a-begging.

The greatest masterpiece of man is . . . to be born at the right time.

There is not so good a man who so squares all his thoughts and actions to the laws, that he is not faulty enough to deserve hanging ten times in his life.



FROM THE PRESIDENT OF 1903.

Members of the Class of 1903 will be glad to know that their president, Mrs. Hemingway, is enjoying a winter in Switzerland. Her experience as leader of a circle in Providence, Rhode Island, for some years has prepared her to get a great deal out of her European sojourn. She writes from Neuchatel, whither the good wishes of every member of her class will follow her:

"I am to remain in Neuchatel all this winter, as my children are to enter the University here next month. We have traveled in five countries and my Chautauqua readings have been a great help to me. I only wish I had my books and magazines with me now so I could review. Yesterday I went to see an open air play called 'Divico.' It was of the early history of Switzerland in the time of the Druids. All was in French, but I found I had become 'foreignized,' as Mark Twain says, enough to understand most of it. I am going to Zurich some day and see where Bishop Vincent stopped. I wish to send greetings to the members of '1903' and all Chautauquans."

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

Many of our readers have by this time made the acquaintance of "Holland and Its People" and will understand why that charming volume, written by an Italian, has so long been recognized as a classic. When de Amicis made his trip to Holland, few books of travel upon Holland were available, and despite the many excellent works since published, this one remains a favorite. His death at the age of sixty-two occurred only last year. As a lieutenant scarcely out of his teens he was set to hunting brigands in Sicily. At twenty he fought against the Austrians at Custozza. His literary tendencies showed themselves at an early day in military sketches and in his editorship of the *Italia Militaire*, and he finally retired to civil life when Victor Emmanuel occupied Rome. Novels and sketches of various sorts in his own country made him very popular. Later he traveled in Spain, Holland, Morocco, Paris, Constantinople and other cities further establishing his fame by the truthfulness and charm of his descriptions.

A VALUABLE REFERENCE BOOK.

A valuable reference book frequently mentioned in the programs is Larned's "History for Ready Reference." This work was originally published in four or five volumes to which a supplementary volume has since been added, bringing the material up to date. One of the advantages of this work is that the author has selected many of the most graphic presentations of a given subject and brought them together so that the student can find in their proper chronological order descriptions and character studies which might otherwise be inaccessible. Every library ought to have a copy of this useful work and Chautauqua readers will do well to make its acquaintance.



HINTS FOR THE STUDY OF ART.

In connection with Mr. Zug's articles on Hals and Rembrandt, copies of the "Masters in Art" series were recommended. The publishers have recently announced that these two numbers of the series are now out of print. The other numbers as noted by Mr. Zug in the September CHAUTAUQUAN are still available. Ter Borch, De Hooch, Dou, Vermeer, Steen, Metsu, Ruisdael, Paul Potter, and Maes. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with these monographs we may say that each contains ten admirably executed half-tones of the masterpieces of a given artist, a comprehensive biographical sketch, and a number of carefully selected comments upon his work by acknowledged masters of criticism. Brief comments by well-known critics upon each of the ten pictures are also included and a bibliography, making the pamphlet a most important work of reference. Perhaps its greatest value lies in the fact that the pictures can easily be removed and used for purposes of study in Circles, or, mounted and hung up for individual study at home.

The above pamphlets can be secured for twenty cents each through The Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, New York.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	ADDISON DAY—May 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY — May 18.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.	INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	

OUTLINE OR REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 28-FEBRUARY 4.

In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "The Friendship of Nations," Chapter V. The Human Harvest.
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter I. The Song of Roland, Chapter II. Montaigne and Essay Writing in France.

SECOND WEEK—FEBRUARY 4-11.

In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "International Aspects of Socialism."
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter III. Moliere's "Tartuffe," Chapter i/. Lyrists and Lyrics of Old France.

THIRD WEEK—FEBRUARY 11-18.

In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "Dutch Art and Artists," Chapter V. The Painters of the Peasantry.
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter V. Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three."

FOURTH WEEK—FEBRUARY 18-25.

In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "A Reading Journey in the Hollow Land," Chapter V. Utrecht, Amsterdam, Broek, Zaandam, Monnikendam, Marken, and Edam.
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter VI. The Short Story in France.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 28-FEBRUARY 4

Brief Paper: President David Starr Jordan and his Work. (See 21 references in Poole's Index.)
 Review of Chapter V in "Friendship of Nations," The Human Harvest, with discussion of answers to search questions.
 Discussion of the Song of Roland.

Reading: Selected passages from the Song of Roland. Unfortunately there seems to be no edition of the Song in print, but copies can be found in many libraries.

Oral Report with Selected Readings from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." (See "Studies in the Poetry of Italy." Kuhrs. A former C. L. S. C. book which will be found in many private as well as public libraries.)

Paper: The World in which Montaigne lived, his contemporaries in politics, religion, literary and social life, education, etc. (See Bibliography.)

Roll Call: Epigrams from Montaigne. (See Round Table.)

Discussion from one or more of his essays. In the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature will be found a number of selections. An interesting study might be made by comparing Montaigne's essay on "Friendship" with Emerson's "Friendship." A brief summary of Emerson's essay on Montaigne would form an illuminating side light.

SECOND WEEK—FEBRUARY 4-11.

Papers: Moliere and his Times; Moliere as a play writer. In the "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature" is an interesting comparison of Moliere and Shakespeare. (See encyclopedias and bibliography.)

Readings from Molière: Selections from a number of his plays will be found in the "Warner Library." The giving of a single play by members of the Circle would make an interesting evening. If this seems to require too much time, a single play such as "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (Shopkeeper turned Gentleman) might be read by one or more characters. The play translated can be secured through The Chautauqua Press for 30c. Without any such supplementary reading, however, the selections from "Tartuffe" given in our own book might be assigned to different members and the dialogue presented in abridged form, thus helping to familiarize the Circle with this masterpiece.

Paper: Hotel de Rambouillet and the Precieuses with selections from Molière's play *Les Precieuses Ridicules*.

Roll Call: Answers to the question: What characteristics make the French writers thus far studied seem typically French to us?

THIRD WEEK—FEBRUARY 11-18.

Character Study: Victor Hugo. (See bibliography, also "Ten Frenchmen of the Nineteenth Century" a former C. L. S. C. book to be found in many private families.)

Readings from Hugo's Poems. (See above, also Carrington's volume.)

Roll Call: Answered by illustrative selections from "Ninety-Three" with reason for the choice.

Paper on Utrecht University with selections from "An American in Holland," Chapter XXIII, the "Lustrum Feast of 1891."

Discussion of the works of Brouwer, Van Ostade, Steen, and Maes. (See bibliography. All the above except Brouwer can be found in the "Masters in Art" series.)

FOURTH WEEK—FEBRUARY 18-25.

Paper: Arminius, Holland's great Theologian. (See encyclopedias.)

Map Study of Amsterdam and its Waterways: See Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland" for map, "Great Canals," CHAUTAUQUAN, 20:298, Dec., 1894. "Canals in Holland," *Living Age*, 192:810.

Reading: Selections from "The Canals and their Population." (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country.")

Brief Reports: The Diamond Industry. (See Amicis' "Holland and Its People";) Sectarianism and Varied Nationalities to be found in Amsterdam (see encyclopedias, also Amicis); The Jansenists and the Moravian settlement at Zeist. (See Amicis.)

Reading: Selection from "How We Saw Amsterdam." (See "Through the Gates of the Netherlands" by Waller, pp. 172-6.) See also colored illustrations and text in "Amsterdam," by E. Penfield, *Scribner's Magazine*, 37:45-53, January, '05.

Review of Article in this magazine on Tesselshade Visscher.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

Special programs for Graduate Circles and Clubs specializing upon the two Dutch Series. (A copy of Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland" is quite indispensable for such clubs.)

FIRST WEEK.

Paper: Utrecht and other Dutch Universities. (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country," Chapter XIV.)

Reading: Selection from "An American in Holland," Chapter XXIII., the "Lustrum Feast" of 1891; (see also Chapter on Utrecht in "Holland and the Hollanders.")

Paper: Utrecht in History. (See Baedeker, histories of Holland, Amicis' "Holland and Its People.")

Oral Report: The Jansenists. (See Amicis' "Holland and Its People," encyclopedias, and all available works.)

Reading: The Moravian Settlement at Zeist. (See Amicis' chapter on Utrecht.)

Roll Call followed by Discussion: Famous Churches of Holland, with special reference to their architecture, Utrecht Cathedral, St. Lawrence at Rotterdam, St. Peters at Leyden, Oude Kerk and Nieuwe Kerk at Delft, etc. Pictures illustrating their style should be brought, if possible. A committee should make up a list of churches. The discussion may bring out the general character of Dutch Gothic churches as compared with those of France and Germany. See "Holland and the Hollanders," page 271, on government care of churches.

SECOND WEEK.

Paper: Amsterdam in History. (See Dutch histories, Larned's History for Ready Reference.)

Reading: Selections from "A Wanderer in Holland." Lucas, page 55, quaint description of Amsterdam in the seventeenth century; pp. 170-71, Dutch versus English national traits.

Roll Call: Striking features of the great Rijks Museum. (The program committee should assign these.)

Brief Reports on: The Diamond Industry. (See Amicis and "Holland and the Hollanders," page 361); Orphanages; Sectarianism and varied nationalities as witnessed in Amsterdam. (See Baedeker, Amicis, and other helps.)

Reading: Selection from "The Canals and their Population." (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country.")

Paper on Waterways, with map study of Amsterdam: (See "Great Canals," CHAUTAUQUAN, 20:298, "Canals in Holland," *Living Age*, 192:810.)

Reading: How we saw Amsterdam. (See "Through the Gates of the Netherlands" by Mary E. Waller, pp. 172-6; also selections from Amicis' chapter on Amsterdam; see also colored illustrations in "Amsterdam" by E. Penfield, *Scribner's Magazine*, 37:45-53, January, 1905.)

THIRD WEEK.

Paper: Holland from 1813 to 1830. (See histories of Holland and of Modern Europe.)

Reading: Selections from "The Cloister and the Hearth." (See *Scribner's Magazine*, 37:116-122, Jan., '05.)

Review of article in this magazine on Tesselschade Visscher.

Roll Call: Quotations from this poet. (See also for better details "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe," by Edmund Gosse.

Reading: "The Don Quixote Country" in "Through the Gates of the Netherlands," Chapter XVIII.

Oral Reports: Various travelers' views of Broek, Zaandam, Marken, Monnikendam, etc. (See available books.)

Study of pictures by Brouwer and Van Ostade. (See Bibliography following Mr. Zug's article.)

FOURTH WEEK.

Paper: Arminius, Holland's great Theologian. (See encyclopedias.)
 Reading: Selection from "Magenta Village," E. Penfield, *Scribner's Magazine*, 40:25-33, July, '06; or Volendam, the Artists' Village, F. C. Albrecht, *Scribner's Magazine*, 41:327-29, March, 1907.

Oral Report: The Cheese industries of Holland. Volendam and Edam. (See article by F. C. Albrecht in *Scribner's Magazine*, 41:606-10, May, '07, and the various books referred to above.)
 Study of pictures by Jan Steen and Nicholas Maes. (See bibliography following Mr. Zug's article.)



REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATIONS. CHAPTER V. THE HUMAN HARVEST.

1. Under what circumstances was this address first given? 2.
- What was Franklin's comment regarding the harm of a standing army? 3.
- What four factors enter into the creation of a superior type of horse? 4.
- What parable does the author present? 5.
- What were the days of Roman greatness and why? 6.
- What was the effect of the spirit of "domination" which developed? 7.
- What is meant by the statement that the king is dependent upon the mob spirit? 8.
- Illustrate this by the Roman emperors. 9.
- How have historians in general regarded the importance of men as organisms? 10.
- How did Romans brave enough to rise politically usually fare? 11.
- What did Caesar's complaint of the scarcity of men signify? 12.
- What state of things came to the front under the Antonines? 13.
- What became the relation between the citizens and the emperor? 14.
- What at length brought in the barbarians? 15.
- What is Dr. Seck's estimate of the quality of men who survived the fall of Rome? 16.
- Why is the idea that Rome fell because of luxury repudiated? 17.
- What significant comment was made upon Spain by one of her own writers? 18.
- Why is France said to be a decadent nation? 19.
- To what does our author ascribe this? 20.
- Illustrate in Napoleon's life the growth of the spirit of domination. 21.
- Describe the drain upon the resources of the country.

A READING JOURNEY IN THE HOLLOW LAND. CHAPTER V.

1. What is the character of the country around Utrecht? 2.
- What are some of the striking features of the town? 3.
- What famous treaty was signed here in 1579? 4.
- Describe the general appearance of Amsterdam. 5.
- What are the attractions of the river front? 6.
- What picture of back streets does our author give? 7.
- What is the Krasnapsky? 8.
- What interest has the Jews' quarter? 9.
- What is the history of the Weeper's Tower? 10.
- What historical interest has St. Anthony's weigh house? 11.
- What are some of the attractions of the Rijks Museum? 12.
- What quaint character has Broek? 13.
- Describe Marken and its inhabitants. 14.
- What is Holland's greatest windmill city and what its famous relic? 15.
- What attractions has Volendam for artists? 16.
- What unique character has the museum of Edam?

DUTCH ART AND ARTISTS. CHAPTER V. THE PAINTERS OF THE PEASANTRY.

1. What other painters aside from the Dutch had introduced genre scenes? 2.
- How did these earlier pictures differ in kind

from those of Ter Borch, Metsu, and other men of his group? 3. Define genre. 4. What constitutes great art in painting? 5. What subjects attracted the Little Dutchmen? 6. What are the chief facts in the life of Adrian Brouwer? 7. Why are his paintings disliked by many persons? 8. What fine qualities does the artist see in them? 9. How did his earlier compare with his later work? 10. With what great master is Van Ostade compared and why? 11. How is his skill shown in his "Peasants in an Inn?" 12. How is intimacy between him and Millet shown? 13. What qualities of their work naturally draw them together? 14. What remains of Ostade's work show the range of his gifts? 15. How far were his brother Isaac's talents comparable to his own? 16. For what qualities does Jan Steen take high rank? 17. How many of his paintings have come down to us? 18. Describe his "Bad Company?" 19. Why is it improbable that all the tales told of him are true? 20. How does his treatment of child life compare with the work of his contemporaries? 21. In what respect did Nicholas Maes achieve distinction? 22. Compare in general the achievements of the "Little Dutchmen" with those of other European countries.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What was the cause and what the result of the battle of Philippi? 2. Who was Cincinnatus? 2. How did Claudius and Caligula come to wear the Roman purple? 4. Who wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?" 5. Who were Marius, Cinna, and Sulla? 6. What period of time elapsed between Tiberius and Constantine? 7. What is the Wiertz collection in Brussels?

1. What Pope was born in Utrecht and what connection had he with Charles V.? 2. What great war was terminated in 1713 by the Peace of Utrecht? 3. What is the origin of the term "a papal bull?" 4. What is "Vathek?" 5. What is the Bean Festival portrayed by Steen in one of his paintings? 6. What pictures of his may be seen in this country and where? 7. What Dutchman, famous for his literary achievements, had his portrait painted by Nicholas Maes?



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

1. Vasari was an Italian architect and painter, but is chiefly known by the celebrated series of lives of the artists, 2. The Thirty years' War. 3. Philip IV., grandson of Philip II. 4. It was originally the palace of Prince John Maurice of Nassau, Governor of Brazil, who built it on his return from Brazil in 1644. It was a magnificent building, but destroyed by fire in 1704. It was restored externally and in 1820 set apart as a royal art gallery. The collections were made by various Princes of Orange, especially William V., the last stadholder. 5. William III., Prince of Orange. 6. Because in many towns of Holland there were people of the same name as the painter, living at the same period.

1. A distinguished American artist who spent his life chiefly in London. He was a person of independent views and erratic in temperament, but possessed genius of a high order. He painted the famous Peacock room which was later brought to America, and

in time will become the property of the national government. His portrait of his mother is widely known. He was a great student of technique and his handling of colors was masterly. As an etcher he ranks with the few great artists of the world. 2. He was born in Holland, but spent his life in Paris, achieving distinction as a painter of portraits of famous men and of religious subjects. 3. The unjust execution of John of Barneveld. 4. A famous English writer of noble descent, wife of Edward Wortley Montague, who served as ambassador to Turkey in 1717. She was very intimate with Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., and her "Letters" give many admirable descriptions of the social life of her times.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"I must confess," remarked a dejected member of the Round Table, "that the Dutch names are too much for me. It's worse than trying to learn to talk German without ever hearing it. The double o's and the gutturals and all the rest fill me with despair. My husband says the only way out of it that he can see, is to take a trip to Holland!" "Evidently you don't belong to a Circle," observed a Michigan member. Our Circle has had a drill on Dutch words at every meeting till we've almost forgotten how we used to pronounce them. Yahn Stane, and Nicholas Mahs and even Peter deh Hoach we can really pronounce glibly in spite of the German ch, and as for Van's Grahvezhahndeh the name begins to seem quite human, though for a time we could not approach it. But as between joining a Circle and going to Holland—you won't, of course, misunderstand me!" "I live in a mountainous country," commented a Tennessean, "and perhaps that explains the peculiar sense of novelty that Holland has for me. I've read our Reading Journey in Holland several times over and supplemented it with Amicis' charming volume. I was sorry to note a brief account of his death and interested to know that was a staunch patriot. His book gives the impression of an unusually broad-minded writer."

The delegate from Ashland, Kentucky, reported great interest in the study of Napoleon. "There are six of us," she said, "and this is our third year. Before we began the C. L. S. C. work we were a Browning Club and we've not forgotten our first love, so we shall soon have a Browning meeting. It ought to fit in with most anything Modern European, the two Brownings were such cosmopolitan people." "Of course you'll read 'An Incident of the French Camp,'" said Pendragon. "You remember that picture of Napoleon:

"With neck outstretched, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind."

"I see from this clipping," he continued, "that the Edelweiss

Circle of Mt. Vernon, New York, in holding its first contest after dividing the Circle into two opposing camps, conducted a quiz on Napoleon. It proved a very spirited affair. A brief descriptive reading of Napoleon's march into Russia was supplemented by an interesting account of the famous retreat, and the Circle was put through a definition test of words selected from the Required Readings, besides discussions of other interesting topics. The Circle is holding an Esperanto hour before each meeting and by the end of the year we shall doubtless learn that the members are not only holding meetings in Esperanto, but are preparing to go abroad and cultivate their European neighbors!"



"We are still practising English," observed the delegate from Newbern, Tennessee, "and it is quite noteworthy in our circle how much the members find in the way of supplementary material with which to vary the regular program. They are not content with just reading the prescribed course, but find time for many additional books and magazine articles recommended in connection with the work. Dumas' beautiful story, "The Black Tulip," was told in class this afternoon, emphasizing very forcibly the Hollander's love of horticulture, and what an interesting writer we find George Wharton Edwards, and how charmingly he pictures 'brave little Holland,' —her wonderful record in war, arts, and commerce as compared to many countries several times her size. De Amicis speaks of them as a stolid, silent people who are rarely seen to laugh. It is hard to conceive of so prosperous a folk as the Dutch devoid of mirth and we wonder where Franz Hals found his models! Dr. Reich gave us a 'surprise' as well as new thoughts in some of his views on the American Revolution, and his argument of the 'mystic' in connection with the master mind Napoleon was quite beyond our vision. 'Danger points around the globe' is most timely and has led to much hard study of conditions in the Far East. The magazine grows better each year and it is whispered the new books are the best in the four years' course. Perhaps we are better prepared to grasp them. We were indeed sorry to hear of Chautauqua's great fire."



"The advantages of a Carnegie library being at our disposal," observed the delegate from Annville, Pa., "we are trying to live up to our opportunities, a very pleasant task, you may be sure. This is our third year. We have thirty members, and the spirit of discussion which is abroad in our Circle promises to keep our interest keen. At our first meeting we initiated our Dutch studies with a geographical study of Holland and consideration of what Holland stood for in the world's civilization. We are all most in-

terested in the books and the recent stirring events in Turkey, Austria, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Crete, and the proposed international council to settle difficulties are given additional interest and light by "The Friendship of Nations." Likewise the Holland-Venezuela imbroglio. We have adopted the plan of a fifteen minutes' intermission. It has already helped to give our meetings an informal character and enabled us to make the acquaintance of our new members."

"Here is a letter," said Pendragon, "which indicates how a small circle can adapt itself to the needs of some of its members in a way that some larger ones might not find possible. Small circles of from three to half a dozen members are quite apt to be very effective study groups. This one is in Appleton, Wis.:

"I myself am trying to get all I can out of the course laid out in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, but in my position it is impossible to be regular in my study, yet we have a small circle which meets once a week and often at my office, in fact, that has been the place of meeting for the last two years, but as I was often obliged to be absent, they thought it best to meet at the different homes and occasionally at my office. We follow the outline given as closely as we can, assigning the different subjects to members as we see fit. I have had but little opportunity to do outside reading, so when library references are required others must do it. We each feel that this year's work is beginning with much interest and the first book has brought to us something new even about our own country. Each department of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* is so interesting that it is hard to say which we enjoy most, but the Library Shelf of the September number is full of good reading."

"A Circle from which we haven't heard at the Round Table as often as we should," observed Pendragon, "is the King Avenue C. L. S. C. of Columbus, Ohio. You must hear from them." "Pride and promptness seem to be our primitive virtues," responded the delegate. "We begin with the roll call of current events, and this year has lent itself to especially stirring parallel between our reading and present-day Europe, so that we all hate to miss anything and having once set our pace we have tried to keep it. There are seventeen of us, and our pastor and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Rudisill, have done much to make the Circle a most important feature of our church life. Now and then when someone falls out there are others well primed who help bring up deficiencies so through this friendly interchange of interests we never fail to be stimulated by the meetings."

"We are another of those small circles," said a Louisville, Ky., member. "We number five. Two of us spent a season at Chautauqua in 1907 and our Circle is the result. Four of us are teachers. We meet every Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 to 5 unless a school supervisor by chance imposes other duties, when we readjust our Circle by telephone. We are doing a little outside reading this year

relating to the French Revolution, and as was the case last year, we borrowed books from the public library or each other. In June and July last year we supplemented our American readings by holding our weekly meetings in some picturesque spot near the river, talking over our work and reading aloud a short story illustrating some type of American literature. You can imagine we've got a great deal out of our year. We all hope to go to Chautauqua in 1911."

"As for our Circle," the speaker proved to be from Charleston, W. Va., "we not only extend our work into the summer but we enjoy it so much that we take no vacation at all! In the vacation period we meet once a week and confine our program to the year we've been studying. In July every year we have a picnic in the park. My home is the home of the Circle and there are more than twice our number that meet and study with us. As we knew of no circulating library in the city, last March we organized a library among ourselves and we take alphabetical turns in selecting our books and have had several donations of books, papers, and magazines."

"There is an interesting Chautauqua outgrowth in Lynnfield, Mass.," said Pendragon, as he noted various letters brought in by a messenger. "My informant alludes to it very briefly. He speaks of sixty-three having joined and then forty-three more. It seems to be a league with subdivisions for various activities, among them the C. L. S. C. We shall look for further particulars. At Ravenswood, Illinois, there is a fine new circle also promising later particulars, and at Cincinnati the Franklin Circle marks a new era. It has a membership of twenty. Cincinnati has had a strong organization of graduates from the time of the '82's, but a strong undergraduate circle has been needed. We are especially glad to congratulate the Franklin members."

"Let me say for the Whitney Circle of New Haven, Conn.," commented the president, Miss Briggs, "that we have been getting up a year-book for our Circle and feel that our meetings are going to be most interesting. We've all been more than pleased with the books. I've finished 'Seen in Germany,' and enjoyed it as much as I would a novel."

"I see that the 'Register' of our town, Mobile, Alabama," laughed a delegate, "says that on a recent date 'society worshipped at love's shrine, was brought together at cards and met at athletics and literary meetings. Literature was in the ascendant, for there were three literary meetings and the Chautauqua Circle had another to its credit in an afternoon meeting.' You'll be glad to know that not only literature in general, but the Chautauqua Circle in particular was in the 'ascendant.' We had an interesting afternoon

meeting, I assure you, with two fine papers on 'Josephine' and on 'The Turkish Situation.'

"We are particularly enjoying the books this year," added a member from Belfast, Maine, "for our Circle contains both old and new readers and there are no duplicate books. We realize that Professor Emil Reich holds some facts and views quite new to us on the American Revolution. However, we all like the book and are trying to find something more about the author. We have some new members of 1912 in our circle, so the succession is being kept up. Our Union C. L. S. C. Vesper Service of all the churches was held on October 25. The choir rendered fine music and the pastor of the Universalist church conducted the service and made the address. Our public library has the C. L. S. C. books and we are trying by means of lending books to interest others."



"Time and space always limit our reports," said Pendragon, "but this mass of clippings indicates the activities of many Circles here present who will have a chance later on. Among those who publish their reports in the papers are the Circles at Santa Clara and Oakland, California; Warren, Ohio, where a large Circle meets in a public hall; Wichita, Kansas, where the report of the Sunflower Circle may be taken as typical of the dozen or more circles in that town; Mishawaka, Indiana; the Des Moines group and the quartet of Circles at Jamestown, New York; Tarentum, Waynesburg, Punxsutawney, Pa.; Rowley, Mass., and a host of others. New Circles and graduate S. H. G.'s are among the number.

"We may like to remember in closing these words by Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's Magazine*, given in an address at Chautauqua last summer: 'Let us learn to read fewer newspapers and read great books more. Let us at any rate read for information and not for padding. Let us read to start ideas and not to stimulate vacant minds. An enterprise like Chautauqua is the greatest safeguard for the public and for every department of life. A solid basis of the ideal will make the future better. To learn how to live is what real education means. It means to realize the wish of the Latin poet, Horace, "A hollow tree, a crust of bread, and liberty! Those men are freest who want the fewest things.'"



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON STUDIES IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I. AN EPIC. THE SONG OF ROLAND.

1. What is the earliest mention of the Song of Roland? 2. Why is this looked upon as reliable? 3. On what real event is the Song of Roland based? 4. Show how a tradition grows up. 5. What traditions have we seen grow in very recent times? 6. Why

did the Song of Roland change from lyric to epic form? 7. What importance has the religious element in the Song? 8. What features of the "Song" show its medieval atmosphere? 9. Who are the heroes of *Orlando Furioso*?

CHAPTER II. MONTAIGNE AND ESSAY WRITING IN FRANCE.

1. What was the political and religious atmosphere in the times when Montaigne lived? 2. How did the revival of learning bring about religious strife among the Northern nations? 3. What traits of character are indicated by the facts of Montaigne's early life? 4. Show how the essay developed into a new literary product under Montaigne's treatment. 5. Why did Montaigne give them this title? 6. What special distinction have they? 7. Why is he classed among the skeptics? 8. What are some of the problems discussed by Montaigne which still demand serious attention in our own day? 9. How does he exhibit a spirit of tolerance? 10. What ideals of Montaigne on Education have received much attention in our own day? 11. How has the modern essay developed a form quite distinct from Montaigne's?

CHAPTER III. TARTUFFE: A TYPICAL COMEDY BY MOLIERE.

1. Who was Molière? 2. St. Simon Stylites? 3. What famous men were to be found at the court of Louis XIV.? 4. What literary men of England were their contemporaries? 5. In what condition was the Church of France at this time? 6. How was the play of "Tartuffe" received? 7. Against what real evil was the play directed? 8. What office does Dorine perform in the play? 9. How has the Jesuit been able to impose upon so many of the characters? 10. How had the art of conversation been brought to perfection in France at this time?

CHAPTER IV. LYRISTS AND LYRICS OF OLD FRANCE.

1. How did poetry in England and in France compare between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries? 2. What good result came from the rhyming instinct of the French during this time? 3. Why are the *Chronicles of Froissart* so important as a literary production? 4. What is the nature of that "brilliant, miserable" time which he pictures? 5. In what respects was it miserable as compared with our own day? 6. To what extremes did the passion for rhyming run? 7. How far was this true in Germany? 8. How did the reaction after the Crusades show itself in French poetry? 9. Tell what is known of the chief of these singers. 10. What famous poets have translated them?

CHAPTER V. VICTOR HUGO'S "NINETY-THREE."

1. Under what circumstances was "Ninety-Three" written? 2. In what respects is this novel quite different from many of Victor Hugo's? 3. How does the author lighten the tragic aspects of the story. 4. How does he make his description of nature contribute to the effect? 5. What are some of the famous descriptions in this story? 6. What ideas are typified by the three chief men? 7. Does Hugo show his own idealism in this story?

CHAPTER VI. THE SHORT STORY IN FRANCE.

1. In the story by de Maupassant published in the September *CHAUTAUQUAN* show the author's remarkable skill in setting before the reader briefly the scene of his tale? 2. Note instances of his vivid delineation of character. 3. Note his handling of dialogue; how he suggests ideas without going into detailed description. 4. In what other respects does the story seem to you remarkably well

told? 5. What in general is characteristic of the scenes where Mérimée lays his short stories? 6. What different qualities of Daudet are shown in his two tales "The Stars" and "The Pope's Mule?" 7. What is the significance of the title of the group "Letters from my Mill?" 8. For what other works is Daudet famous?

CHAPTER VII. ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

1. Show how "The Three Musketeers" was appreciated by men of Dumas' own time. 2. Of what ancestry was Dumas? 3. What may be said of the influence of his environment? 4. Why did the drama appeal to him? 5. How was he finally attracted to fiction? 6. What was the general character of his famous series of novels? 7. How does his work resemble that of the old minstrels? 8. In what does his skill consist? 9. What qualities does he lack? 10. How were his stories published? 11. Into what extremes did this method of publication lead him? 12. Why may he be called an entertainer rather than an "artist?" 13. What gives "The Three Musketeers" its great charm? 14. How did Dumas' work blight the historical novel in France?

CHAPTER VIII. BALZAC'S EUGENIE GRANDET.

1. Of what series of stories by Balzac does "Eugénie Grandet" form a part? 2. Give the setting of the story, the character of the town and of the ex-mayor. 3. What is the outline of the story? 4. How is Balzac's genius shown in the way in which he has told the story? 5. Why has this great story exerted such a powerful influence?

CHAPTER IX. GEORGE SAND.

1. What marked contrasts may be noted between the work of George Sand and that of George Eliot? 2. What were the chief events of George Sand's childhood and early life? 3. Under what circumstances was her first independent novel produced? 4. What were the ruling ideas expressed in her earlier books? 5. How was her work influenced by her surroundings? 6. In what stories was her love of country life expressed? 7. In what does the charm of her writing consist? 8. How is her interest in folk-lore shown in "Little Fadette?" 9. Tell the story of "The Haunted Pool."

CHAPTER X. EMILE ZOLA. LE REVE.

1. How did "Le Rêve" contrast with the other works of Zola which gave him fame? 2. What were the chief events of Zola's early life? 3. How was he influenced by the writings of Balzac? 4. What circumstances finally led to the publication of the Rougon-Macquart series? 5. What in general is the character of the different books of this series? 6. What is the setting of "Le Rêve?" 7. How does the author make the surroundings of Angelique contribute to her character? 8. In what respects is his scientific realism shown? 9. What exquisite bits of description are found in the story? 10. What was the character of Zola's later writings? 11. How was the nobility of his character vindicated at the last?

CHAPTER XI. ROSTAND. CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

1. What event in Paris in December, '97, stands out in the history of modern literature? 2. What reputation had Rostand already won at this time? 3. How does the character of Cyrano establish itself in the first act? 4. What further traits develop in the second? 5. What ingenious device is employed in the third act? 6. What is the climax of the fourth act? 7. How is the romantic ideal translated by Rostand into the terms of modern life?

8. What brilliant qualities has the play? 9. How is the author's poetic skill shown? 10. What distinction has he received in recent years?

CHAPTER XII. LESSING'S NATHAN THE WISE.

1. What strong traits of character had Lessing? 2. How is he looked upon at the present day? 3. What are the chief events of his life? 4. How was he drawn into religious controversy? 5. How did he resolve to meet his antagonists? 6. What was Lessing's creed? 7. Describe the types in "Nathan the Wise." 8. What is the story of the play? 9. What criticisms have been made upon the play? 10. What are its teachings?

CHAPTER XIII. SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL.

1. In what way are Luther and Schiller alike? 2. How do the Germans feel toward Schiller as compared with other great leaders? 3. What is the secret of Schiller's influence? 4. What does Carlyle say of him? 5. What are Schiller's best-known works? 6. How does Schiller rank among the poets of Germany? 7. What effect did the friendship of Goethe and Schiller have upon each of them? 8. What honors were bestowed upon Schiller? 9. How do the characters of "Tell" express the traits of the Swiss people? 10. How is the theme of the play developed in the first act? 11. Contrast the positions of the nobility and of the peasants. 12. What important points are brought out in the final act? 13. What is the connection between "Tell" and an earlier work of Schiller's?

CHAPTER XIV. GOETHE'S FAUST. PART I.

1. Why is Goethe considered the master of poets? 2. How was he fortunate in his parents? 3. Give the main facts of his life. 4. What were the remarkable characteristics of his time? 5. What varied talents did he show in early life. 6. What are his chief works? 7. What position did he occupy at Weimar? 8. How do Lewes and Carlyle estimate his greatness? 9. Why is "Faust" the "Divine Comedy" of Germany? 10. Why does the play of "Faust" possess such intense interest? 11. What forms had the Faust legend taken previous to Goethe's use of it? 12. Describe the three-fold introduction to Goethe's "Faust." 13. Describe the opening of Part I. 14. How and why is Faust rejuvenated? 15. How does Margaret expiate her wrong? 16. How does Faust's behavior show that Mephisto has not yet enslaved him? 17. How does Part I. prepare the way for Part II.?

CHAPTER XV. GOETHE'S FAUST. PART II.

1. Why is the second part of "Faust" of even greater importance than the first? 2. Why is it difficult to understand? 3. Why does it repay careful study? 4. What form of atonement is Faust to pass through? 5. What is the first step in the process? 6. To what does Faust now turn as a possible source of happiness? 7. What part does Mephisto take in this new undertaking? 8. Describe the masquerade. 9. What is Mephisto's object in helping Faust to his new position? 10. Describe the scene where Faust presents Paris and Helen to the court. 11. What is the effect of this experience upon Faust himself? 12. Through what experiences does Faust's quest of beauty carry him? 13. Describe the allegory of the third act and its significance. 14. To what kind of effort does Faust now turn in his pursuit of happiness? 15. How does he carry out his great project for service to mankind? 16.

What ghostly symbols appear to Faust and with what effect? 17. How does his end come? 18. Why has Mephisto really lost his wager? 19. Quote the lines which set forth Faust's salvation.

CHAPTER XVI. HEINRICH HEINE—HIS LIFE AND WORK.

1. What description does Heine give of himself? 2. Describe his parents. 3. What traits did he inherit? 4. What incidents of his childhood illustrate his strong imagination? 5. How did French influences enter into his education? 6. Why had Heine no special attachment to his own country? 7. What was the result of his attempt at business in Hamburg? 8. What remarkable qualities has his "Book of Songs"? 9. What were some of his experiences as a law student? 10. What were his "Travel Pictures," and why did they become so famous? 11. Why did Heine change his creed? 12. Describe his life in Munich and the changes which followed. 13. How did he live in Paris? 14. What was his ambition for himself and why did he fail to realize it?

CHAPTER XVII. MAURICE MAETERLINCK: "THE INTRUDER," "THE BLIND."

1. Who is Maeterlinck? 2. Why did "The Princess Maleine" call forth the comment "a greater than Shakespeare?" 3. How did this play indicate Maeterlinck's connection with the symbolists? 4. What other poets belonged to this group? 5. Define symbolism and naturalism. 6. What is the story of "The Intruder"? 7. What, according to Maeterlinck, are the three principal elements in literature? 8. What difficulties to the dramatist are presented by the third element? 9. How does the painter meet the same problem? 10. How does Maeterlinck explain his idea of dramatic dialogue? 11. What is the story of "The Blind"? 12. With what effective touches does Maeterlinck bring out the psychology of the characters in this play? 13. What human tragedy is suggested in his sketch "The Death of Tintagiles"? 14. How did Maeterlinck show pessimistic qualities in his earlier plays? 15. In what respect have his views widened in later years? 16. What is true of his essays?

CHAPTER XVIII. GERHARDT HAUPTMANN: "THE SUNKEN BELL."

1. What reaction from naturalistic art has been felt both in the drama and in general literature? 2. By what plays did Hauptmann carry out his theories of naturalistic art? 3. What was the effect upon Germany? 4. In what later play and how is the influence of Maeterlinck apparent? 5. What is the story of "The Sunken Bell"? 6. How does it differ from the old folk tales? 7. What do the various characters symbolize? 8. Who was Nietzsche? 9. Why does the play terminate unsatisfactorily? 10. What has Hauptmann produced since he wrote "The Sunken Bell"?

CHAPTER XIX. HERMANN SUDERMANN: "ES WAR."

1. What contrasts are exhibited between the plays of Hauptmann and Sudermann? 2. What plays of Sudermann show his highest development? 3. How do Sudermann's plays compare with his novels? 4. By what two writers was he influenced in the production of his novel "Es War?" 5. Upon what theme does the play lay emphasis? 6. Why does the hero find difficulty in holding to it consistently? 7. In what respects does he finally triumph?

CHAPTER XX. HENRIK IBSEN: "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

1. Through what struggles did Ibsen pass in the earlier stages of his career? 2. What events marked a turning point in his life? 3. At what time did he change from poetry to prose. 4. What

growing attitude toward life was expressed in his prose dramas? 5. Where are the scenes of these dramas laid? 6. Why did they command such widespread attention? 7. What effect did they produce in England? 8. How did the dramatic form of "A Doll's House" differ from the old type of play? 9. What differences in the stage setting? 10. How has Ibsen been unfairly judged? 11. What reasons can be urged for Ibsen's leaving the end of the play an open question?

Esperanto News

There will be no International Esperanto Congress in America in 1908. The Konstanta Komitato, that is to say, the Permanent Congress realized that a mistake had been made in trying to hold two International Congresses during the same year and asked the Spaniards to put off their Congress. They refused, then General Sebert asked America to postpone its Congress and the Esperanto Association of North America accepted. This closes the incident.

The second National Congress of Esperantists will take place in Chautauqua from Aug. 9 to Aug. 14 and will mark a great advance upon the last Congress.

HOW TO FORM A CLUB.

There are a great many Esperantists who wish to do their share of the work which is so rapidly bringing Esperanto to the front, who wish to get in touch with o'er Esperantists and form a club in their own town, but do not know just how to set about it. For the benefit of such persons we intend to give a few suggestions.

There is not a town in the country of any size in which there are not at least a few Esperantists, as the subscription list of *Amerika Esperantisto* shows. In order to form a club, it is only necessary that these people get together.

Write an article for your newspaper, explaining Esperanto and its objects. Ask all interested to communicate with you for the purpose of forming an organization to boom Esperanto in your town. If you can't write it yourself, ask *Amerika Esperantisto* to furnish you with an article already prepared, or copy one from the *Bulletin*. Take it to your editor; he will be very willing to print it. You will be surprised at the number of answers you will receive, and it's ten to one that you will be able to form a good club and put your town where it belongs in the Esperanto movement.

Do it now!

A good example of the world-wide spread of Esperanto is seen in the fact that an Esperanto club, composed of Syrians, Arabs, and Egyptians, has been formed at Khartoum, Egypt, where only a few years ago the savage followers of the Mahdi held sway. A club of native Fijians at Levuka (Fiji Is.) is enthusiastically carrying on the propaganda of Esperanto. A missionary in South Africa is teaching the language to a class of thirty young Zulus.

The Esperanto Association of North America gained 270 members in the last month. This serves to show that Esperanto is gaining ground rapidly in the country. Since the cost is only 25 cents per year, everyone really interested in the success of our movement should become a member and thus contribute his mite towards carrying on the good work.

LA TUALETO. (*Daurigo.*)

Botelo da dentopulvoro estas sur laA bottle of toothpowder is on the wash-stand.

lavtableto.
La infano prenas la botelon,
li malšraŭbas la ŝtopilon,
li malŝtopas la botelon,
kaj metas ŝtopilon kaj botelon sur la and puts bottle and stopper upon the
lavatableton apud la pelvon.

Estas glaso sur la lavtableto.

Li prenas la glason,
li plenigas ĝin per akvo,
kaj metas la glason sur la lavableton.

Li prenas sian dentobroson,
li enmetas la broson en la akvon,
li eltiras la broson el la akvo,
li skuas la broson super la pelvo,

Li prenas la botelon da dentopulvoro per maldekstra mano,
li levas la botelon,
li renversas la botelon,
li skuas la botelon,
li faligas iomete da pulvoren sur la he makes a little toothpowder fall on
dentobroson,
li remetas la botelon sur la lavata-he puts the bottle back upon the wash-bleton.

Li subfleksas super la pelvo,
li malfermetas la lipojn,
li kunpremas la dentojn,
li internigas la broson en la bušon,
lipurigas la dentojn,
li eltiras la broson el la bušon.

li prenas la glason,
li gin levas al siaj lipoj.
li prenas glutkvanton da akvo
li lavetas la internon de la bušo,
li elsputas la akvon en la pelvon,
li reprenas akvon en la bušon,
li gargaras,
li refaras tion kelkfoje kaj metas glasonhe repeats that several times and puts
kaj broson sur la lavableton.

Li sekigas siajn lipojn,
li purigas sian detobroson,
li restopas la botelon da dentopulvoro,
li malplenigas la pelvon,
li metas cion en gian lokon,
kaj revenas al sia dormoĉambro.

La infano trairas la ĉambron,
li iras al sia komodo,

The child takes the bottle,
he unscrews the stopper,

he uncorks the bottle,
kaj metas ŝtopilon kaj botelon sur la and puts bottle and stopper upon the
washbowl.

There is a glass on the washstand.

He takes the glass,
he fills it with water, and puts the glass
on the washstand.

He takes his toothbrush,
he plunges the brush into the water,
he takes the brush out of the water,
he shakes the brush over the bowl,

He takes the bottle of toothpowder with his left hand,
he lifts the bottle,
he turns the bottle over,
he shakes the bottle,
li faligas iomete da pulvoren sur la he makes a little toothpowder fall on
the toothbrush,
li remetas la botelon sur la lavata-he puts the bottle back upon the wash-bleton.

He bends over the washbowl,
he parts his lips,
he closes his teeth,
he introduces the brush into his mouth,
he cleans his teeth,
he takes the brush out of his mouth.

He takes the glass,
he raises it to his lips
he takes a mouthful of water,
he rinses the inside of his mouth,
he spits the water into the bowl,
he again takes water into his mouth,
he gurgles,
he repeats that several times and puts
the glass and the brush upon the
washstand.

He dries his lips,
he cleans his toothbrush,
he restops the bottle of tooth powder,
he empties the washbowl,
he puts everything in place,
and goes back to his bedroom.

The child crosses the room,
he goes to his bureau,

li prenas la du prenilojn de la tirkesto, he takes both handles of the drawer,
 li tiras la tirkeston, he pulls the drawer,
 la tirkesto cedas, the drawer gives way,
 la tirkesto glitas sur la gtilojn, the drawer slides upon its runners,
 la infano malfermas la tirkeston. the child opens the drawer.

Li prenas puran ĉemizon,
 li refermas la tirkeston,
 puſante ĝin per genuo,
 li iras al sia lito,
 li metas la ĉemizon sur la liton,
 li eltriras la pinglojn
 kiuſ tenas la ĉemizon faldite,
 li malfaldas la ĉemizon,
 li prenas siajn ĉemizbutonojn,
 li pasigas la ĉemizajn butonojn per lahe passes the studs through the butonholes.

He takes a clean shirt,
 he closes the drawer again,
 by pushing it with his knee,
 he goes to his bed,
 he puts the shirt upon the bed,
 he pulls out the pins
 which hold the shirt folded,
 he unfolds the shirt,
 he takes his studs,
 he takes his studs,
 he passes the studs through the butonholes.

Li lasas siajn ŝelkojn fali de sur siaj He lets his suspenders fall from his
 ŝutroj, shoulders,
 li malvestas sian noktan veston, he takes off his night shirt,
 li faras paketajon el ĝi, he makes a bundle of it,
 li jetas ĝin sur la liton. he throws it upon the bed.

Li prenas la puran ĉemizon,
 li surmetas ĝin,
 li ordigas ĝin,
 li butonumas la ĉemizajn kolumnon kaj he buttons the neck and wristbands,
 manumojn,
 kaj fine reordigas la ŝelokjn.

He takes his clean shirt,
 he puts it on,
 he arranges it,
 and finally readjusts his suspenders.

La infano prenas la kolumnan skatolon, The child takes his collarbox,
 li malfermas ĝin, he opens it,
 li elektas konstantan kolumnon, he chooses a collar in good condition,
 lie ĝin el la skatolo, he takes it out of the box,
 li refermas la skatolon, he recloses the box,
 li fliksemigas la butontruojn de la kol-he limbers the buttonholes of the collar.
 umo.

He takes the collar by the middle,
 he passes it behind his neck,
 he buttons it to the collar of his shirt,
 he buttons one end in front,
 he pulls slightly upon the other end,
 he buttons the second upon the first,
 he lets go the collar.

Li prenas meze la kolumnon,
 li pasigas ĝin malantaŭ la kolon,
 li butonumas ĝin al la ĉemiza kolumo,
 li butonumas una ekstremon antaŭe,
 li marforte tiras sur la alia ekstremo,
 li butonumas la duan sur la unuan,
 li elloras la kolumnon.

He takes clean cuffs,
 he puts on his cuffbuttons,
 li almetas manumajn butonojn,
 li fiksas la manumojn al la ĉemiza mani- he fastens the cuffs to the shirtsleeves.
 kojn.

La infano prenas sian kravaton,
 li sin direktas al la spiegulo,
 li haltigas antaŭ la spiegulo,
 kaj la spiegulo reflexas lian bildon.

The child takes his necktie,
 he goes to the looking-glass,
 he stops before the glass,
 and the glass reflects his image.

Li portas la kravaton al la kolo, He carries the necktie to his neck,
 li pasigas la kravaton malantaŭ la kol-he passes the tie behind his collar,
 umo,

li aranĝas ĝin en ĝian lokon,
 li krucigas la kravaton,
 li kunligas la kravaton,
 li kunpremas la banton,
 li suprenpušas la banton ĝis la kolumo,
 li elloras la kravaton.

Li regardas en la spegulon,
 por vidi
 se la kravato estas bone metita.
 La banto al li ne konvenas
 li defaras ĝin,
 li penas fari alian banton.

Li regardas ankorau en la spegulon,
 lividas ke,
 tiu banto estas tute malretka,
 li ne ŝatas tion
 tiel ke li ne havas multe da paciencon,
 tamen li persistas
 kaj fine sukcesas.

Li prenas kravatpinglon,
 li pikas ĝin en la kravaton,
 li rigardas ankorau
 por vidi se
 tio al li iras bone,
 li lasas la spegulon
 kaj fine sukceas.

he adjusts it to its place,
 he crosses the tie,
 he ties the tie,
 he tightens the knot,
 he pushes the knot up to the collar.
 he lets go the tie.

He looks into the glass,
 in order to see
 if the tie is well put on.
 The knot does not suit him,
 he undoes it,
 he tries another knot.

He looks again into the glass,
 he sees that,
 this knot is all crooked,
 he does not like that
 for he has not much patience,
 however he perseveres
 and finally succeeds.

He takes a scarfpin,
 he sticks it into the tie,
 he looks again
 in order to see if
 that becomes him,
 he leaves the glass
 and his image disappears from the glass.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Kiu vokas la infanon?—La servistino vokas la infanon.
 Kie estas la infano?—La infano estas en sia dormoĉambrão.
 Kie estas la dormoĉambrão de la infano?—Gi estas en la unua
 etaĝo.

Cu la servistino supreniras al la unua etaĝo?—Jes, ŝi supreniras tien.

Kien ŝi eniras?—Si eniras en liun ĉambron.
 Kial ŝi eniras en tiun ĉambron?—Por veki la infanon.
 Cu la infano ne vekiĝus mem?—Tute ne, li dormus ĝis tagmezo.
 Cu la servistino iras al la fenestro?—Jes, ŝi iras tien.
 Cu la kurtenoj estas malfermataj?—Ne, ili estas fermataj.
 Kion faras la servistino?—Si malfermas la kurtenojn.
 Kial ŝi malfermas la kurtenojn?—Por enlasi la taglumon en la
 ĉambron.

Cu la servistino vokas la infanon?—Jes, ŝi lin vokas.
 Cu la infano aŭdas ŝin? Ne lie ne aŭdas ŝin ĉar li dormas.
 Kiel do (in what manner then) ŝi vekas la infanon? Alproksimigante a la lito, prenante lin per la ŝultro kaj skiuante lin.
 Cu la infano tuj vekiĝas kiam la servis ino lin skuas?—Ne, li
 nur ŝajnas vekiĝi.

Kion li faras?—Li malfermas la okulojn, oscedas kaj sin strečas, sed remetinte kapon sur la kapkusenon li baldaū ekodormas de nove.

Cu la servistino lasas lin dormi?—Ne, ĝi lin skuas pli forte el la unua fojo.

Kiam vekiĝas la infano vere?—Kiam la servistino lin forte skuas.

For information about Esperanto write to Mr. B. Papot, 1038 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Talk About Books

EDUCATION AND NATIONAL CHARACTER. By H. C. King, F. G. Peabody, Lyman Abbott, Washington Gladden, Shailer Mathews, and others, Chicago. Published by the Religious Education Association. Pp. 319.

The papers in this volume were read at the Fifth General Convention of the Religious Education Association, held at Washington, D. C., Feb. 11-13, 1908. These papers were selected from the large member presented at the Convention as being those most directly related to the theme of the Convention "The Relation of Moral and Religious Education to the Life of the Nation." As products of this organization they are naturally keen and liberal in their treatment of religion in its larger usefulness. They deal with the problems arising in social work in the large cities, in the college environment, in work among the negroes, in the public schools, in the Sunday School, and in the schools of theology. To anyone who is interested in contemporary problems of American life there are many contributions in this book to attract and hold the attention.

CONFessions OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN. By James O. Fagan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Pp. 181. \$1.00.

This is a most unusual book from a most unusual source. Mr. Fagan, a Scotchman fifty years of age, after experiences on the sea, in South America and in South Africa, came to America, and for the last twenty-seven years has been a railroad man, for twenty-two of them in the signal tower at Cambridge. He knows of railroad accidents and their causes, as a practical railroad man, and presents, in the chapters of this book a human document vivified by anecdotes and illustrations of the kind one does not forget. The articles have resulted in an invitation from President Eliot to lecture on Railroading at Harvard University this winter, and have called forth from President Roosevelt and various railroad presidents and managers letters of high commendation. The thing is earnest, clear, direct, convincing, and is said to have done much already for further promoting progress toward an ideal relation between railroad operators and the employers.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ENGLAND WHALERS. By John R. Spears. The Macmillan Company: New York. Pp. 418. \$1.50.

This is the stuff of which literature is made; a comment by which no criticism of the book is intended, for it is frankly a chronicle and pretends only to present the raw materials of the subject. It carries the story from 1651—and the exploits of Samuel Mulford—to 1883, when the whale fishery fleet was of the greatest. While it is filled with exact information of the sort which the historian and the statistician enjoy, it also has many chapters which are exceedingly interesting on account of the live story of detailed adventure in the northern seas. Ten full page illustrations help to make the account vivid.

THROUGH THE GATES OF THE NETHERLANDS. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Pp. 337.

Of writing books of travel there seems no end, but the globe trotters narrative is often made presentable only by the pictures with which it is embellished. A book with a genuine style of its own, however, is like an impressionist picture,—you feel its atmosphere. Material facts of streets and houses and highways are transformed by an imaginative temperament into an enchanted country and even commonplace experiences of a "wholly domestic" sort take on an unwarranted gayety of their own. The author "Through the Gates of the Netherlands" could doubtless win friends for any land that she might describe and one who travels with her in the delectable volume will see the country in all its picturesqueness, getting vivid impressions and withal a sense of refined and joyous companionship, which is not the least of the pleasures of foreign travel. There is a fascinating quality about the book, whether it discusses the creaking, gyrating windmill in the "Don Quixote Country," glimpses for us the lights and shadows of Rembrandt's Amsterdam through its dusky and mysterious canals, takes us sight-seeing among the country folk, or leads us over the lonely dunes by the great gray sea. Quite in keeping with the simple binding of the book, enriched with the Netherland Coat of Arms in red and gold, are the twenty artistic illustrations, which really illustrate, and make the volume especially acceptable as a gift book.

